

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

The Young Love and the Old.

Oh, the young love was sweet, dear,
The dainty dream of ours,
When we could not keep our feet, dear,
From dancing through the flowers;
When hopes and gay romances
Were thick as leaves in spring,
And eyes were old folks' fancies,
And joy the solid thing.
Of all its visions best, dear,
Oh, the young love was best, dear,
That dainty dream of ours!

Oh, the old love is sweet, dear,
These chill October days,
When we tread with faltering feet, dear,
The sure and silent way,
When earth has lost its glory,
And heaven has lost its blue,
And life's a sober story,
And care a comrade true.
Though hopes no longer cheer, dear,
And dreams have lost their way,
Oh, the old love is sweet, dear,
That glids the autumn day!

STORY TELLER.

The Engineer's Story.

It had been snowing steadily all day long, not in a boisterous, tempestuous way, but quietly and persistently, as if the feathery flakes which were rapidly piling themselves one upon the other on the frozen ground had come for a long stay. Toward night the wind began to rise, and when the darkness settled down a moderate winter's storm was raging. We were waiting in the little station at L—for the down train, telegraphed an hour and a half behind time, and were endeavoring to keep warm around the small air-tight stove which served as the only heating medium in the low-studded apartment. L—is a place of little importance except as a railroad center, for here two trunk lines cross each other, and it is also the point where locomotives are changed on the different trains. With the exception of the bustle and excitement incident to a junction station, there was but little to attract a tourist, and the few natural charms the place possessed, at this time were hidden beneath the soft covering of snow. So the weary waiters were forced by dearth of amusement, as well as the storm, to while away the time as best they could in the dingy depot. The different time-tables were perused, the flaming advertisements scrutinized, all to no purpose, for the hands of the monotonous ticking clock crept around the dial with that tardy pace peculiar to railroad timepieces when one is waiting for a belated train.

The conductor who was to take charge of the express came and warned his hands by the little stove, and soon the party was increased by the engineer, whose machine could be seen dimly far down the track ready for its expected charge.

"Bad night, Bob," said the conductor. "Better come in and warm up. She won't be here for an hour yet."

He made some reply, and joined the circle around the stove. He was a man of slight build, drooping shoulders, and perhaps not up to the average height. Rather effeminate at first sight, until one noticed the square, firm chin, the quick, steady eyes, and the lines about the mouth which showed that beneath that calm face and quiet manner, lay the will both to do and dare. He had been selected especially to run this night express on account of the danger of the position, for the down train was frequently late and the lost time must be made up before reaching the end of the road in order to meet connections. Time and again nothing but the coolness and judgment of the engineer had brought this train to its destination in safety, and Bob Jennings, as he was called, had been remarkably fortunate, and never met with a serious accident. The running of the two trains to L—and back to the city, constituted his day's work. The position was a responsible one, the remuneration good, and the "job," as they termed it, was looked upon with eyes of envy by Bob's fellow engineers.

After some minutes passed in conversation between the engineer and conductor, the latter suddenly remarked:

"How was it, Bob, you happened to get this express? The Superintendent of the Portland & Ogdensburg helped you to it, didn't he, on account of that affair up in the mountains? Tell us about it."

"Yes, yes," spoke up several who had overheard the conversation. "Let us hear the story, by all means."

"Well, boys," said Bob, as he bit off a generous chew, and deposited the quid lovingly in his cheek, "it ain't much of a yarn, and it'll make

you laugh, for you'll think me spooky like. Howsoever, it's as true as gospel, and if Dan was here he'd say so too."

"'Twas when I was running 49 on the P. & O. road, which hadn't been again more'n a couple of years. You may perhaps be acquainted with the line. She runs through the White Mountain Notch, and is built right on the side of the hills. How they ever had the spunk to start such a road beats me, for at first sight it seems next to hopeless to get around some of them short curves, to say nothing of the big up-grades. Near Crawford's is that spider-like Frankenstein trestle. We lived in Portland then, Nell and I. She is my wife, and we are as happy as could be. The only drawback was that every other night I had to take the late express up to Fabyan's, and come back next day on the accommodation. Nell used to be afraid to have me go, particularly as the road was new and accidents would happen spite of all we could do. I kept telling her it was safe enough, and the pay was good, so I'd better stick to my place for a while anyway, though, to tell the truth, I didn't like the route, 'twas so awful gloomy like. No big towns to go through, only now and then a little village, and they would be as dark, and quiet as a graveyard, when we struck 'em at night. Summers it wasn't so bad, winters are awful. Well, one night in January, when it was my turn to stay in Portland, the superintendent sent for me and said:

"'Bob, there's a party of directors as wants to go through the mountains to-night, and they're going to start about ten o'clock. I'll have to send a special, but I have't an engineer that I can trust. Now, it's your night off, I know, but if you'll pull the throttle for them fellows, I'll make it all right with you."

"'Well," says I, "I'll go, of course; but it's goin' to be a bad night on the mountains."

"'That's so, Bob,' says the super, 'but I know I can rely on you, and them directors says they must go through, anyhow.'"

"So I went back to the little cottage and told Nell as how I'd got to go. She took on very queer like and seemed distressed to have me away, though she never acted like that before."

"'It's an awful night, Bob,' says she; 'can't they send some one else? I don't like to have you go.'"

"'Nonsense,' says I; 'the storm won't hurt me, and I'll be back again to-morrow. The super's promised to do the square thing, and it will come out all right.'"

"She seemed a little reassured, and I got out my great coat and muffler, and in 'em I prepared to start out."

"'Well, Bob,' says my wife, 'if you must go, why you must; but,' she added, thoughtfully, and there was the queerest look passed over her face, 'be careful of the Frankenstein trestle.'"

"I scarcely heard what she said, but bidding her good-by, was soon on my way to the round house. It was a wild night and no mistake; seems to me I had never seen it blow harder or snow faster. Once or twice I had to turn my back to the blast to keep from blowin' over. Well, I was soon on board my machine, and backing into the station, hitched on to two cars which were to make up the train. As ten o'clock approached the directors began to arrive, pompous looking men, with plenty of money and feeling all their importance."

"'Them fellers,' said I to myself, 'feel their steam pretty well. I don't suppose they'd look at an engineer.'"

"Dan Smith, my fireman, was on watch for the conductor's signal, and when the clock struck ten we got the swing of the lantern and off we started."

"I've seen some pretty bad nights, but that one was the worst I ever remember. The storm to-night is hard enough, but it don't begin to blow as it did then. Why, every now and then we would make the whole machine tremble, and as the country round Portland is pretty level, we took the full force of the wind. As we got further inland, it wasn't so bad, and by the time we were forty miles out it had returned to a summer's gale, and was pouring torrents."

"And now comes the singular part of the story. We had the right of way, and our dispatcher was to keep the whole line up to Fabyan's open for us, my instructions being to stop only at North Conway for water. So I gave her throttle, and we bowled along at a good rate of speed, making perhaps thirty or thirty-five miles an

hour. As we went whistling through Sebago Lake station I had a kind of feeling come over me that there was something wrong. I didn't notice it at first, but every now and then it would come to me that all was not as it should be, yet I couldn't think of anything that wasn't right. I allers examine my machine before I start, give her a good oilin', look well to the bolts and parallel rods, try the levers and such; and so I knew when we left Portland, old '49' was in perfect workin' trim. Yet the feeling grew on me until it was a steady thing. I tried to shake it off, but 'twasn't no use. I felt it in my bones that something was up."

"Now, you gentlemen will laugh at me for being a fool, and I don't blame yer, for we was agoin' along all right, everything from the water gauge to the cylinders was a-workin' in good time, and I knew it was only my imagination, but to tell the truth, I began to feel uneasy. I had been an engineer for ten years, and been through some pretty tough scrapes, without blowin' for brakes, and the boys all said as how I had a good deal of pluck. Now I began to lose all confidence."

"'Bob,' says I to myself, 'this won't do. You're gettin' nervous, and all for nothin'. You've no business to be superstitious at your time of life. Brace up!'"

"'Twasn't no use, however. I could have stood up in court and sworn that there was a kink somewhere. Well, meanwhile we was sliding along, and pretty soon reached North Conway, where we was to give the machine a drink. 'Dan,' says I to my fireman, 'there's something out of the way with this machine, and I don't know what it is.'"

"'What makes you think so?' says Dan."

"'I can't tell,' I replied; 'she works all right, but I feel it in my bones.'"

"'Guess you're thinkin' of your wife,' returned Dan with a laugh."

"'But while we were gettin' in the water I took a lantern and went all around the engine. I looked at every part of her, rapped the bars, knocked the wheels, tried her at every point, and couldn't find nothin.'"

"'Pshaw!' says I, 'I'm a fool. She's all right.'"

"'And I tried to think no more about it, but the feeling was there all the same, and do the best I could I wasn't able to throw it off. Well, we had got a pretty good distance in the mountains, and with that light load '49' didn't make nothin' of the up grades."

"Perhaps gentlemen, you have never been through the hills in winter. It's some different from summer, I can tell yer. The mountains loom up dark and solemn, and with their snow-covered sides they seem kinder like big, ghostly giants that have turned to stone standing guard over the valley. The silence and desolation sorter awes one, and it don't seem right to go shrieking and screaming along their sides in the dead o' night. This time it was worse than ever. The storm had let loose all the evil spirits in the air. The wind swept down the valley with a roar that could be heard above the rush of the train. It whistled and yelled at the cab windows, and blew the rain and sleet so hard agin the winder frame I could scarcely see the short distance lit by the headlight. The great trees rocked to and fro and seemed to hold out their arms in warning. It was a solemn place for any one, and I felt it, particularly as I had this awful weight of anxiety on my mind that had been a-growin' stronger and stronger each minute."

"We had passed Bartlett's, goin' through there at a pretty good jog, when like a flash of lightning the parting words of my wife came back to me: 'Be careful of that Frankenstein trestle!'"

"'That set me thinkin'. Could this be a presentiment of some disaster? Was there anything the matter with the bridge?'"

"'Nonsense,' says I, 'I'm a natural born fool. If anything was wrong the train two hours ahead would have found it out and signaled me at Bartlett's. I'll think of it no more, but tend to business.'"

"But, in spite of me, 'Be careful of the Frankenstein trestle' kept comin' into my head; even the wind seemed to shriek it. I pictured to myself a broken rail and a yawning gulf on each side. What a terrible accident it would make; what a frightful chasm in which to plunge. Then I remembered Nell, and the queer look that came over her face when she gave me that singular caution, 'Be careful of

the Frankenstein trestle.' We was a nearin' the bridge, sure enough. On the up grade '49' was making about twenty miles an hour, and in less than ten minutes we would be over the bridge—or I caught my breath, for at that moment those warning words flashed into my mind once more."

"If I'm ever to be cured of such stuff," says I to myself, now's my chance. What could Nell know about the bridge? I'll put her across at full speed."

"A tall white brick that stood on a spur of the mountain was the landmark which showed me that we was come on to the straight piece which led across the bridge. I put my hand on the throttle to pull open the valve when—"

"Well, gentlemen, I don't suppose you'll believe me, but as true as I'm standin' here my wife's voice whispered in my ear, 'Not that one, Bob, the brake!'"

"It gave me such a start that before I knew what I did I had opened the Westinghouse for all she was worth, and the train came to a standstill in less than two lengths. Not waitin' to answer any questions from Dan, I grabbed my lantern and rushed up the track to the bridge and walked along the middle plank until I reached the other side, and then back again. Not a thing was out of place, every rail secure, and the bridge was as sound as when first put up!"

"Idiot!" cried I, "so much for your foolish nonsense. This freak will cost you your job."

"I could see the lights of the conductor and brakemen, who had with a number of passengers come out to see what was the matter. How the boys would laugh, I thought I should never never the last of it. I was sneakin' back to the cab, when I came to the switch of a short siding that had been laid, on which to run gravel cars. It wasn't a very long track, not more than a hundred odd feet, and ended within a couple of yards of the precipice. Noting somethin' peculiar, I held up my lantern and found a large tree that had just blown down had fallen against the switch rod, breakin' in the fastening and throwin' the rails of the main line into the siding!"

"I tell you, it made my hair stand on end. In two minutes that whole train and them directors would have gone off the edge of that cliff, and not a one would have lived to tell about it!"

"'What's the row, Bob?' says the conductor."

"'Row enough,' says I, 'look at that switch. I reckon I pulled her up just in time.'"

"'Great heavens!' exclaimed a fat director, who was standing by."

"'Where does that track lead to?'"

"'To the other world,' says I, 'and we came almighty near making the trip!'"

"'Well, you never see a more grateful set of men. They made up a purse of \$500 on the spot, and when we got to Fabyan's they telegraphed the super as how I was to stay with them during the excursion, and I went to all the sights in Montreal with 'em just as though I had been one of the regular party. Not content with that, they gave me an elegant gold watch and chain, the president of the road, who happened to be among 'em, making a neat speech. I tell you a peep into the jaws of death will put rich and poor men on the same level—nothing like it to take the bigness out of them.'"

"Well, the boys all made a lion of me when I got back to Portland, and Nell never seemed so glad to see me. That night's work was the making of me, for the super gave me a good show and finally got this job. I never told the boys why I stopped the train, for I knew they would laugh at me, and I don't know as I told my wife for a long time. One day, however, she came to me and says:

"'Bob, I had a queer dream about you, the night of that affair at the Frankenstein. I dreamed I was on the engine with you somewhere and we was agoin' at a frightful rate. Way in the distance I saw what seemed to be a big gulf, and you thought you was gettin' good headway you could jump it. I knew, of course, you couldn't, so when you started to open the throttle, I said, 'Not that one, Bob, the brake!' then I woke up."

"I told her then the whole story, and gentlemen, whenever I hear a similar yarn, and I've heard a number of 'em, I don't turn up my nose and say, 'Nonsense!' There's more in one's feelings than most people think for, leastwise, minding my feelings saved my neck that night on the Frankenstein trestle. There comes the express; good night."

A GOVERNMENT DETECTIVE'S STORY.

One of the saddest things I ever did was to take a boy who was clerk in a postoffice, at night, around his father's house, to the barn, where he had concealed a lot of letters that he had rifled. As we passed the house the father and mother of the boy, who knew nothing of the robbery, were sitting by the fire-light singing some good old Methodist hymns, and we could hear them as we dug under the hay in the barn for the letters, with the boy showing us where they were. Then we had to go into the house and break the news to the old father and mother."

As we walked towards the house the voice of the father was lifted up in prayer, and we stood on the steps with uncovered heads, waiting for him to finish the prayer, and it was the saddest scene I ever witnessed. I had the thiefing boy, or young man, by the wrist, and as the father asked God to watch over their only child, and keep him from temptation, and deliver him from evil, the boy trembled all over, and broke down in a flood of tears, and I was not much more composed than he was. I tried to think of some way to get out of going in there, but the boy had papers in his room that we must have, and there was no other way."

It is said that government officials seldom die, and never resign, but I swear to you that I was willing to die or resign, almost, at that moment, when the old gentleman got up from his knees, after the evening prayer, and went over to his dear old wife and reverently kissed her, the mother of my prisoner, on the forehead, and then began to sing, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' I thought of my mother, and of my father, and of my children, and if the boy had skipped out I don't know whether I would have had strength to catch him or not, but he never could have escaped. I will not dwell upon the scene in that house. It haunts me like a nightmare, and I never see a good old father or mother, without wondering if they have not got a boy that is going wrong."

Peck's Sun.

FOR LOVE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

In a pottery factory here there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give a color to the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental man, but never went home at night without something that would make the wan face light up with joy at his return. He never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him. And by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real, but unconscious, fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another engravings in a rude scrapbook. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them, so he understood all about it, and believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact, that the entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some dropped swearing as the weary look on the patient fellow worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day now some one did a piece of work for him and put it on the sanded plank to dry, so that he could come later and go earlier. So when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the lowly door right around the corner, out of sight, there stood 100 stalwart workmen from the pottery with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession, and following to its grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one had ever seen."

William M. Evarts's third daughter will be married next month. The remaining eight will try to comfort their father and encourage him to bravely bear his loss.

JOLIET, ILL.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Suppose your readers will be pleased to read these items about their old friends and acquaintances, who live in Joliet, Illinois.

Joliet is lying on the valley between two villages, and is about thirty miles south of Chicago. It has about 18,000 population. It is noted for its immense manufacturing interests and valuable stone quarries.

There are fourteen deaf-mutes here, and three of them (females) were graduated at the Illinois Institution, and are fine looking ladies.

There will be two marriage ceremonies here next month. I won't mention their names now, but the readers will soon know who they are through JOURNAL.

It is rumored that Canadian marriages will be all the rage now with Yankee girls. The word "Obey" has been dropped from the service. Certainly, the Joliet mute ladies would have been married long time ago, if the word "Obey" never had been mentioned in the service.

Theresa Sturla, a prisoner in Joliet Penitentiary for the murder of Charley Stiles, will be visited during the present week. She is an Italian, and is a pretty girl of eighteen.

Mr. Julius G. Kraft is a deaf-mute, is working at the Steel mills. It is said that he is a splendid hand.

Miss Agnes Sartor, a mute lady, is living with her widowed mother. They are keeping a boarding house.

Miss Mattie Gottschalch and her sister Lilly, two young deaf-mute ladies, are living out in the country, two miles from Joliet. They have a little deaf-mute brother, attending school at the Illinois Institution. The girls are proud that their brother is in Class No. 10.

There is a little deaf-mute boy here, who is five years old, but I have not remembered his name.

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder are here. They came down last August.

Mr. Barney Hendricks, a deaf-mute laborer at the Rolling Mill, will give up his long single life next Spring. Success to you, Barney.

There is a deaf-mute man down town, who has never been to school, and who is said to be seventy years old.

Miss Mattie Gottschalch has been visiting her brother, and reached home to-day. Her sister Lilly is an artist. She is now working at the gallery with Mr. Murr, in Joliet, and will quit it, and probably be with Mr. Taylor, of the same place.

The writer of this wants to know why Mrs. Etiole Dice Laughlin does not send a letter to her old, and best friend Chadagallien? She will be delighted to receive it if Etiole sends only one word to her by mail.

The first holiday of the season is coming.

We bade the three cent stamp farewell on the 2d of October.

No more until next time.

Respectfully,
CHADAGALLIEN.

Our "Man-About-Town" on his Travels.

It was our intention, as expressed in our last article, to report news and happenings in New York City. Since then our business relations have necessitated a change in our programme, and we find ourselves "out-of-town" again with the prospect of remaining "out" for the coming winter. During the winter, we will be at the following places, for various periods. Williamstown, Northampton, Holyoke and Wellesly, Mass., Middletown, Conn., and Easton, Pa. When anything worthy of note occurs, we shall give it to the JOURNAL readers. Should any mutes happen to be in the above named cities, we should be happy to see them.

After an interesting trip up the Hudson, via New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, we changed at Troy, for the famous Hoosac Tunnel route, and the Troy and Boston Railroad. Arriving at our destination, we find quarters at the Kellogg House. Williamstown is the seat of Williams College, of which President Garfield was an alumnus, and at which his sons, Harry and James, whose acquaintance I was fortunate enough to make, are members of the Class of '85, and are now in their Junior year.

Mr. Edgar P. Morehouse, a Fanwood graduate from the old 50th St. School, is a resident of this place, and is a photographer. He was at one time a postmaster, but was "relieved" of his governmental duties when the Jacksonian regime went out of

office, and he, being a democrat, lost his place. One other, an uneducated mute lives near here. I leave for Easton, Pa., on Saturday, where I shall hunt up the mutes of that section, and let your readers hear from me again.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN ON HIS TRAVELS.

TEMPERANCE.

TO EDITOR OF DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR:—I wish through the columns of your most excellent paper, to suggest a few thoughts to your readers on the subject of Temperance. It is the one engrossing subject now before the public mind, and to my mind, fraught with great interest. Being known to so many deaf-mutes throughout our country, having a well-beloved daughter and now a dear son-in-law, I know what I shall write will come from an honest heart and candid pen, and as I write, I say "Spirit of Truth, direct my thoughts—guide my pen!" The almost prevailing nearly universal custom of treating and drinking, I regret to state, despite efforts to the contrary, grows on the youth, the young men of our land. I deeply regret to say, even in the deaf-mute's community, and there certainly is no class that need their wits about them more than these, my friends. The outside world look on them with much more interest than they do hearing and speaking persons. This I know in my own immediate circle. The eyes of the world are on them, and when they meet one intelligent and strictly polite, how they rally around them, and admire their nobleness of character. It is not the mean young men that as a general rule, go to the drunkard's doom, no, oh no! it is our noble-hearted, generous young men. It takes our brightest, our best, and leaves those who love them to weep in sadness and silence alone. The closest-fisted young fellow is not going to fill a pauper's and drunkard's grave unless he is treated, and then he will imbibe every time—will get filled to repletion. He is too polite to say "no," therefore he drinks, and while I greatly admire a generous man, I often tremble, when I see such drink themselves—and treat those dead-heads, who hang around them like leeches, and do their bidding. They are detestable specimens of what we style a man, who should be the noblest work of God the Creator, and would be, if they evinced another type of character. This is how these hangers on, these loiterers look and are before an intelligent tribunal of upright and honest men and women. The greatest and only question now is, how shall we save our promising young men? Answer returns as on the wings of the winds—prohibition. "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Then and not till then will our noble young men stand before the world, fair as the sun, clear as the moon and terrible as an army with banners, and I now allow the writer to suggest to our mute young ladies, that they will not countenance any young men who drink intoxicants, even lager, and then tries to put something in his mouth to hide it. Always suspect anyone who does that. The straightforward young man can breathe freely and not try to hide his shame. Ah! the eye tells it every time, the flushed cheek and face betray it. God bless you all, my mute friends, and take kindly the admonitions of one who loves you and wishes you well; then when the hour of your life on this earthly closes, you will enter the new life beyond without a stain or blot on your good name, and those who mourn your death, will have one sweet solace like the writer over her only son, MacDonald Gray, that his earthly record was pure and good. Good-bye, we shall some time write again.

E. M. GRAY, M.D.

Another Story.

D. W. George winds up last week's jots with a "bald hair" story. We have one equally as good, which we think will bear telling to the readers of the JOURNAL. The subject of a lesson in our school room several days ago was the story of the bear and the bees, in which the pupil, (we have but one) learned the verb "stung." The following Saturday, a nutting party, including our pupil, took a ramble through the woods and returned with their clothes well sprinkled with burs.

In recording this fact our boy wrote: "We went to the woods to get some nuts, and the burs stung us on the pants."

Are not we entitled to the cake, Dudley Webster? ALVA JEFFERSONS.

ILLIOPOLIS, ILL., Oct. 30, '83.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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ABOUT DEAF-MUTES.

How often we read in the daily newspapers descriptions of deaf-mute entertainments and exhibitions, in which the countenances and actions of the deaf-mute participants are extravagantly portrayed. We read of "melancholy expressions," "a quick, startled look about the eyes," glances that are "painfully observant and acute," and similar exaggerations, that have their foundation only in the active imaginations of newspaper reporters. The average hearing person reads and believes implicitly all this sensational gammon, and, in fact, would be rather disappointed if it were stated that the deaf-mutes looked and acted "just like other folks." On the morning after the late levee in this city, we were riding with a hearing friend in one of the elevated railroad cars. Two or three other mutes were on the same train. On the seat that backed the one on which we were sitting, were two gentlemen reading an exaggerated account of the deaf-mute ball that had just taken place, and it was comical to hear their comments about it, especially as right in front of them sat a mild-eyed deaf-mute youth pursuing the same article with complacent satisfaction. The fact is, the public expects to find some outward indication of deafness that will be as conclusive if not as distinct as that observed in persons who are blind, yet, even in the case of blind people, it is not always possible to detect their infirmity by merely looking at them. There are deaf-mutes who are sad-eyed, dim-sighted, bright-eyed, and whose eyes are in no way different from their hearing neighbors. According to their education, they look intelligent or otherwise. Those who have investigated the matter, known that there are hundreds who are simply deaf. All who are called deaf-mutes are not dumb by any means. They have heard spoken language in their childhood, and can remember the various tones with a distinctness of recollection that is only equalled by the visionary remembrance of the blind, who can see in mental vision the green fields, the waving trees, the people and the things which they had seen before their eyesight was destroyed. It seems a long, long time since we could hear—nearly twelve years—yet we can in imagination hear every air that we ever heard, and songs that had faded from our recollection years ago when we could hear, come to us now with a fidelity that words cannot describe. It seems so strange to be unable to hear. Once, when a little boy, we sat at a distance and watched a man chopping a fallen tree. We could see the axe strike the wood, as it seemed, without sound; but after an interval of a few seconds the sound would reach our ears, though not till after the axe had been lifted for another blow. There are numberless cases like our own, and we know that many a so-called deaf-mute walks in the crowded streets, where vehicles of all kinds jostle and shake and roll, where the air is filled with the unceasing hum of business and the pavements resound with the patter of myriads of feet, and yet they look and vainly listen for the sounds that never come.

"Valve muffled the wheels ground, Noiseless forever, in joy or strife."

Most of those who experience the strange sensation of knowing and imagining but never realizing the noises that are engendered in the turmoil of commercial life in a vast city, are among the better educated and more intelligent of the "silent class." They feel more acutely than others the disadvantages in social and business life that the loss of hearing entails, and it is their aim and effort to disabuse the public mind of all wrong

impressions. Unfortunately for the deaf and dumb, one example of sullenness exhibited by a deaf-mute, is thought by the uninformed to be a characteristic of all deaf-mutes. A peevish and unreasonable deaf-mute can do his class more injury with hearing people than a hundred others can repair. It is by no means a rare occurrence for a deaf-mute to go into a store to make purchases, and ask for a reduction in the price of articles on the score of his affliction. Others more worthy may follow him and meet with such coldness and inattention that it seems as if their deafness—and not their fellow mutes' disgraceful conduct—were the cause of the seemingly uncalled-for disregard. Such neglectful treatment preys on their minds, it exerts a discouraging influence on their silent lives, and makes their world of stillness only seem more still.

It should be the aim of all deaf-mutes to show the public that they differ only in the absence of one or two of the five senses, and that in all things else they are the peers of those who hear. They should demonstrate that they have educated minds and hands, and possess cheerful dispositions and willingness and ability to shoulder their share of responsibility in the world's great field of strife.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Messrs. O'Brien and Donohue were seen at the New Park Theatre, New York City, last week.

Miss Mary McKay will spend Turkey day with her married sister in Hyde Park, Mass.

Mr. John B. Herman, of Buffalo, N. Y., denies the report that he is soon to be married.

Hon. A. A. Pettengill, a brother of Prof. Benjamin D. Pettengill, of the Philadelphia Institution, died recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Witmeyer's address is No. 547 North Line St., Lancaster, Pa., not 457, as was reported in last week's JOURNAL.

The firm of Emanuel Scherwin, wholesale clothiers, of Philadelphia, with whom Edward D. Wilson works, has removed to 24 and 26 Bank street, at which place he may be addressed.

Mrs. Allie B. Mescham, of Guildhall, Vt., presented her husband with a handsome bounding boy baby weighing eight pounds, on Nov. 4th. He thinks he is the happiest man in the State.

Mrs. Mary E. Fitzgerald, mother of Wm. O. Fitzgerald, who was at her side to the last moment, died a peaceful death, on Friday, October 26th. Her remains were taken to Philadelphia, Pa., for interment on the 29th inst.

Rev. Mr. Mann celebrated the Holy Communion at Grace Church, Cleveland, O., at 9:30 a.m., last Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Hinkle, the rector, acting as deacon. At 10:30 a.m., and 3 p.m., the usual services were conducted.

It is said that Miss Fuller's book "The Venture," lately published, is about the same size and shape as Lord Byron's first book of poems. It is a notable coincidence that most of the leading poets, both in the Old World and America, began their literary career with a small volume—a mere venture.

On Sunday, October 28th, Rev. Job Turner conducted two services for the benefit of the deaf-mutes in Louisville, Ky. On Tuesday night, October 30th, he delivered a lecture on "Character" before the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club in that city. On Wednesday morning started for New York, by way of Louisville and Stannett, to officiate Sunday morning, November 4th in Brooklyn, and the city in the afternoon.

The Statesville American points out the way to revive the decaying industry of pork raising. It gives the example of Mr. Geo. W. Setzer, of Catawba County. A year ago he had one sow (or female hog, as the American calls her) from the increase of which this fall he will kill 1500 pounds of pork, and have 13 hogs left over for another year. All the product of that one sow. Mr. Setzer is a deaf-mute, and has a fine farm.

An English wheelwright lately obtained from the poor-guardians of Yeovil as an apprentice a lad who had been educated in an institution for deaf-mutes. Great was his surprise, therefore, when the boy began to swear at him with much volubility and vigor, and it is not strange that he forthwith sent back his profane apprentice as being "contrary to description." The Yeovil guardians at once set about the task of determining whether the boy was an imposter or the wheelwright had performed a miracle.—*Baltimore Day*.

Mr. H. S. Darnelle, of Upper Alton, Ill., is still engaged in cigar manufacturing, and says that the working of the "devil's weed" has helped him to feather his nest comfortably, but he does not expect ever to get rich at the business. He has a fine wife and two little girls, who are thriving nicely. He reports his entire family as of the feminine gender, but thinks the broomstick may have some masculine elements in it, as his wife tells him it can make his hat look as though he had been on a great spree if he is not careful of his home conduct. Harrison was always a jolly boy.

On the 23d ult., on his way to Louisville, Ky., Rev. Job Turner stopped over at Wytheville, Va., and made calls on his warm speaking friends, among whom were Miss Annie V. Gibbons, and Mrs. Emily Johnson, both deaf-mute ladies of good society. Mrs. Johnson's father, much advanced in age, was once Director of the Virginia Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, at Staunton, about thirty-five years ago. He retains his memory remarkably well, and is a gentleman of great influence and wealth. Mr. Turner started the same night for his destination not only to visit the Southern Exposition but also to hold service Sunday, the 29th inst.

James May is a farmer living near Alexandria, Ind. He left the Indianapolis Institution in 1879.

Francois Duprez, was called to Canada from Manville, R. I., last Monday, his father being very sick.

Mr. Turner has received a warm welcome from Major Covell to visit his deaf-mute Institution at Romney.

The horses owned by T. Doswell, of Hanover, Va., received premiums at the State Fair, held at Richmond, Va.

Albert C. Hargrave has left Iowa, and is now in Chicago. He does not like the West, and expects to come East to stay.

Mr. John J. Gill, of St. Louis, is a deaf-mute first-class harnessmaker. He is getting rich, for he has been sticking to his trade for some eight years.

A correspondent writes that the Providence Society has come to stay. The pastor is Deacon Steere, and he is ably assisted by Messrs. Lester and Kinsman.

Joseph H. Heeks, of Richmond, Va., is a book and newspaper compositor. He and some other deaf-mutes visited the State Fair held in that city last week.

The statement in the JOURNAL of November 1st, that a lay-reader would soon be appointed in the Philadelphia mission, was unauthorized and incorrect.—H. W. STYKE.

The house of Mr. James Harrison, of West Philadelphia, took fire last week, and a good deal of damage was done to clothing and furniture before the flames were extinguished.

Miss Leedom is at present boarding with Mrs. Philip Fray, 1411 Fawn st., Philadelphia, daughter of the late Thomas J. Sipple. She is so well pleased with her new home that she does not intend changing.

The Woonsocket mutes will be glad to learn that Henry D. Sullivan will be in their midst soon. His father, Dr. Stillman, who has a large practice in Woonsocket, is making arrangements for purchasing a new house.

Miss Georgia Everest once a pupil at the Texas, Wisconsin and Illinois Institutions, is now sending in Brooklyn, N. Y., where she has made a host of new friends who are delighted with her charming ways and conversation.—*Cor*.

According to announcement, Rev. Job Turner officiated at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York City, last Sunday afternoon; Christ Church, Bridgeport, Conn., last Tuesday night, and St. John's Church, last Wednesday night.

Mr. Frank W. Bigelow, of St. Johnsbury, is the father of a little girl fifteen weeks old. It is undoubtedly as pretty as her mother is, and may she grow up that her parents may justly be proud of her, is the wish of his Vermont friends.

The woolen mills at Homer, N. Y., will soon shut down. Clarence E. Taylor, who is employed there will return home to Fitcher, N. Y. He expects to meet many deaf-mutes in Madison and Chenango Counties during the coming Christmas holidays.

Miss Lizzie Votrs, of Fort Wayne, Ind., says she has not heard any thing from her lady classmates since she left the Indianapolis school, but she would like to hear from them very much. Her aunt died of inflammatory rheumatism on Thursday, October 25th.

Charles Wolf, of St. Louis, returned home two months ago, from his visit to Chicago. He had been there for two months, and enjoyed himself ever so much. His friends want to know what he is doing now. Well, he is still working as a compositor on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Misses Mary and Annie McAmley, both deaf-mute young ladies in St. Louis, are first class dressmakers and housekeepers. They are very pleasant ladies. They were educated at the Missouri Inst. They have a grown deaf-mute brother named Henry McAmley, who is still working in the Pullman Car Works. He is a nice gentleman.

W. A. Jackson and John F. Donnelly send their sincerest congratulations to their old college friend, Charles E. Stewart, for taking unto himself a wife. A. J. Andrews, of the trio, was unfortunately in North Carolina. Charles always called him "Little Rebel." We have not heard from Mr. Andrews for a long time. Is he married?—*Cor*.

Mr. J. A. Bassett and family, formerly of Santa Rosa, Cal., left San Francisco on the ninth of October, for Peled Chestnuts, White Co., Tennessee, where they will reside in future. They arrived at Indianapolis, Ind., on the 23d of that month to visit Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Atkinson for a week, and then left for Tennessee on the 29th. Mr. Atkinson works in the shoe factory, and his wife assists him by fitting and sewing on shoes at home.

An Iowa paper says:—"George Chandler, lately of Jamestown, Howard Co., but now principal of the school at Mitchell, was elected Superintendent of Schools of Mitchell Co., at the recent election. Mr. Chandler is a first class teacher, and we predict that he will prove to be a most efficient and capable Superintendent."

Mr. Chandler is a brother-in-law of Matthew McCook, a former pupil at the Iowa Institution, but now working as a carpenter in Riceville, Ia.

The summer resorting house and barn near the Mount Ossipee in Turtinboro, N. H., belonging to Mr. W. W. Treat, of East Watertown, Mass., are nicely completed. The carpenter work was done by Messrs. M. W. Piper, Dargin and Livingstone. The last is unfortunately a deaf-mute, though he is capable of understanding all the work. We are very happy to recommend him as a man of honest, industrious and steady habits, and worthy of patronage. His character and reputation are very well spoken of. It is said that he is a son-in-law of the late Hon. Abel Haley of Wolfeboro', N. H.—"*Critic*."—*Meredith, N. H., News, Oct. 15, 1883.*

The above contract was closed on the 15th of last September and Mr. Livingstone obtained a very good and steady situation in Farmington, N. H., as a head carpenter. He is generally considered as one of the first class workmen in the community. We wish him much success.—*H. D.*

The following, clipped from the Salem, Oregon, Daily Talk, was written by Mr. W. C. Smith, who claims to have founded the Oregon School for Deaf-Mutes:—"I see by the Statesman of last week, that Rev. Mr. Knight claimed to be the founder of the Deaf Mute school. He is mistaken. I founded the school in 1870, with the aid of Hon. S. F. Chadwick, of this city, and Hon. Mr. Drain, of Douglas; the latter who was a member of the Legislature at that time. Mr. Drain having got a list of uneducated mutes, whom I found while on my travels in this State, succeeded in causing the Legislature to make a special appropriation to, and in sustaining it. Meanwhile, Mr. Knight was a stranger to me, and two months after the school commenced I became acquainted with him, and asked him to take an interest in the school. During my supervision for four years, the school progressed successfully.

ST. LOUIS.

The Deaf-Mute Club's Monthly Conclave.

A LECTURE BY REV. JOB TURNER.

Miscellaneous Facts and Fancies.

The members of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club assembled as usual at their "palatial sky parlor" to attend an unusually interesting business "pow-wow." Saturday evening, October 13th. When our genial president called the meeting to order, nearly every member was present (with a couple of exceptions), and the absent ones were excused on account of their being in the hospital undergoing repairs. Business first acted upon, was of the usual stale variety that makes nearly every body feel tired. After a while D. A. Simpson, introduced Mr. Geo. T. Dougherty (one of the club's former members) as a candidate for membership. On motion of one of the boys, the usual cross examination that all candidates have to submit to was dispensed with in Mr. Dougherty's case (as every one in this vicinity has known him since he was "knee high to a grasshopper," and he was unanimously re-elected a member of our aristocratic club. Another application for membership was laid on the table and shelved until further notice, though the members thought favorably of it, the club is beginning to "boom," indeed, and we understand a couple of other mutes will join in a month, with more in prospect in the near future. If the St. Louis Club isn't lively, we don't know anything. A pile of other business, some interesting, the rest dry, was "dished up," and disposed of in short order. Then Mr. D. A. Simpson rose in his dignity and moved that the Rev. Job Turner be invited by the club to lecture at their rooms on any subjects best calculated to amuse the mutes, and likewise, that the club should pay him a certain amount for the trouble of coming. Mr. Simpson's ideas were adopted by the club, and he was instructed to find out what time Rev. Job Turner could come here, and give due notice. Some more stale business and then the club adjourned until next month.

The Rev. Job Turner was duly notified of the mutes' desire to have him deliver a lecture, and promptly answered, as he was going to Louisville to hold services there, he would take advantage of the opportunity and give us a lecture Tuesday evening, October 30th. So short a time for notice was given that many mutes probably were not aware of the lecture at all. However, some forty or fifty mutes gathered at the deaf-mute club rooms to listen, or, rather, we should say, see the popular Job deliver one of his fanniest orations, and he kept every one (including the hearing people present) laughing from beginning to end. But we are grieved to say we found it impossible to be there ourselves, as business prevented our having the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with Rev. Job Turner. Still, the mutes all desire him to come here again very soon, and we will guarantee he will have an audience twice as large as any deaf-mute preacher ever can claim here.

MISCELLANEOUS DEW DROPS.

Charles Wolf has a big idea, but in giving it away we incur the danger of having our sweet existence suddenly cut short, he having vowed the corner would hold an inquest on us if we made fun of him. However, it is our duty, so Charley can fire away. Well, this blooming young genius "has been and gone and had" a gorgeous chair cushion made up containing all the colors of the rainbow and more too. Charley intends to raffle off this cushion at a dime a chance and give the proceeds to the club, for the purpose of further ornamenting their already snug "den." Chances for the cushion are going faster than "hot cakes," and so anxious are some young gentlemen to secure it, that they invest in half a dozen chances, but they will probably "get left." It is certain a "sweet" little sum will be netted from the raffle, and Charles has the sincere thanks of the boys for his kindness, etc.

Prof. H. C. English, of the Missouri Institution, was in town for a few days this week, for the purpose of taking the mutes from this city and vicinity to school. He left for Fulton Wednesday, Oct. 31st, with a large number of deaf-mutes. He was present at Rev. Job Turner's lecture, enjoyed it greatly, and says he will make the Record a weekly paper this year and also add many improvements of interest to the mutes. We are always glad to see him, and hope he will find time to favor the club with a lecture ere long.

Edgar Hazzard is reported to have lost the sight of one of his eyes, the result of the accident several months ago, and he has been suffering great pain for the past couple months. Edgar's Illinois friends will be sorry to hear of this, as are all the mutes that know him well. No one can tell when he will be well, and the only good thing we can say is that one eye will be saved.

Fred Mueller, whose mishap was mentioned in our last budget, disobeyed orders a week after his accident

and went out with a couple of boys, the night being chilly he caught cold in the cuts on his head, and nearly went where the "woodbine twined." It was a close shave for him, and his generally good looking "mug" has been swollen out of all resemblance for two weeks, though he is recovering now. The skin dropped off his face, and a new one has formed, also his hair is falling out, and in a short time he will be as bald as a billiard ball. Fred will have to stay in a few months until new hair grows, and he has been learned a hard lesson, which we hope the mutes will profit by. To all young mutes, we say, don't go too fast or you will be sorry very soon.

Miss Medora Pride, of Mexico, Mo., was in town a short time since, and met a few of her old friends. She returned home well pleased, with the intention of coming here again as soon as possible.

Miss Josie Marrow and her mother, of Caledonia, Mo., arrived in town last Monday, and after seeing a few old friends, went with the rest of the deaf-mutes Wednesday to attend the Missouri Institution. This is her last year, and a brighter girl Old Missouri never turned out, is what "Young Jumbo" told us, but we won't give him a way for the sake of old friend ship.

Master Joe Schrauder and irrepressible Sammy Perlmutter told us in strict confidence they knew where lots of nuts were, and the other bright day tramped about six miles out and came back with empty pockets and sore legs, much to the amusement of a heartless few.

Hugh P. Lamb and Leo Frong were not so green though, as yesterday, accompanied by a couple of hearing friends, they borrowed a spring wagon and fast trotter belonging to Leo's father, and having stored a bountiful supply of provision, set out to get nuts, and they got "dead loads" of them too, likewise a big pile of perimmons. Not only did Hugh Lamb get his share of the spoils, but he had the luck to find a silver watch, and no one claiming it, pocketed it; the other boys are "down in the mouth" in consequence.

We perceived "Mr. Spy's" allusion to us a few weeks ago, and having been prevented by sickness from doing any writing, we hasten to let "Mr. Spy" (beautiful name) know a thing or two. "Mr. Spy," well, we were wrong in saying the St. Louis Club would win the championship—correct, but we would rather have a base ball club that are not champions, but know how to play ball, than a club that are champions, but can't lick a first-class nine. To sum it up, the Athletics were licked by every league club they played with, and disbanded in an awful hurry to avoid meeting Boston and the rest; on the other hand, we are proud to say the St. Louis club made it warm for all the league clubs that came here, and won more games than defeats. Next year, "Mr. Spy," your club will be where it ought to be, near the tail end, and don't you forget it. Anything more about baseball?

We observed "Juno's" allusion, and blushing regret our inability to see him. We hope he will stay longer next time he comes and we will show him what a "wooden head" we are. However, "Juno," you got your remarks about the Deaf-Mute Club somewhat wrong. We will be on hand regular after this. Jim Jams.

Nov. 4, '83.

A young man in Illinois was for sometime troubled with a feeling of fullness and oppressive irritation in his ears—accompanied by considerable difficulty in hearing, which increased until he feared he would become entirely deaf. One evening, he put some sweet oil in his ears on going to bed. The next morning he found in his right ear a loosened mass that on removal proved to be a waxy matter almost black and about half an inch long. As soon as it was out the unpleasant feelings abated, and his hearing has since been as good as it ever was. Whether this relief is but another version of the remark that "often what people think is disease, is only dirt," or is another strange freak of nature, we cannot decide.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, when at the Convention of Deaf-Mute Institutions in 1882, subscribed for a copy of Miss Fuller's poems, "The Venture," immediately upon receipt of the book from her agent, Mr. G. Fischer sent him the price—thirty cents. He knows the value of promptitude in business transactions, and that while he claims the right of free opinions and free speech for himself and others who hear, he expects a like freedom to the deaf, and is too sincere a Christian to indulge in petty spite, even though he himself be the object of criticism or reproach. Miss Fuller heartily thanks him for his patronage and promptitude, more especially because of the good example the acts embody.

A Deaf-Mute Seizes a Burglar.

Mr. Walter L. Bingham, a nephew of Maj. Robt. Bingham of the Mechanicsville School, tells us of an adventure in which eyesight supplied the place of hearing, and the pistol the want of speech. He was sleeping last Monday night at the house of Jacob Clontz, four miles west of Alexandria. He had in his possession a bank check and other valuables, which probably accounted for his watchfulness. Some time during the night he saw a man apparently masked, trying to effect an entrance into the room through the window. Young Bingham seized a revolver and cocked it preparatory to firing. The burglar heard the click of the weapon and ran. Bingham gave chase, in his night dress, firing twice at the fugitive, and wounded him, he says, but he escaped in the dark. He adds, that he was on the trail of the burglar, through Weaverville, Stockville and Marshall, but finally lost all clues.

This is the only information we have had of the affair.—*Asheville, N. C., Citizen, Oct. 24.*

WANTED.

A deaf-mute woman or strong girl to do general housework. Address: Mrs. C. W. VAN TASSEL, North Tarrytown, N. Y.

43-Sin.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Series of Entertainments and Amusements in November.

ANOTHER DEBATE.

A Few Jottings.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will lecture on his European trip before the Clero Literary Association next Thursday evening, November 8th.

The Literary Entertainment of the Clero Literary Association is to be given in the Parish Building of St. Stephen's Church, Tuesday evening, November 15th.

The competitive debate between the Clero Literary Association and the Chirological Debating Society of the Young Men's Christian Association, will come off in the Parish Building of St. Stephen's Church, Thursday evening, November 23d. Guess which Association will win the victory.

The Apron and Neck-tie Party will be given under the management of the Pastoral Aid Society of the Ephratha Guild, for the benefit of the Church Building Fund of the Guild, in the Parish Building of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, Thursday evening, November 29th (Thanksgiving). Young gentlemen and young ladies, old gentlemen and old ladies, and their friends, are earnestly requested to come and have fun with us. The Pastoral Aid Society would be pleased to receive aprons and neckties from any person. Those who desire to erect a church for the deaf and dumb as soon as possible, ought to go and cast their mites into the fund.

Al! The "First and Novel" Debating Entertainment of the Chirological Debating Society, will be given to the public in the large, illuminated parlor of the Young Men's Christian Association, 15th and Chestnut Sts., Wednesday evening, November 28th, and all deaf-mutes who have never witnessed an entertainment of a like character should go and see it. Remember that every entertainment which is to be given will be free to all.

The Quarterly Business Meeting of the Clero Literary Association will take place on Thursday evening, December 6th.

The Constitution and By-laws of the Clero Literary Association have been printed, and a copy of them will be addressed to every mute-association of the same kind, if every secretary of other societies would send their addresses to its secretary, Geo. Slifer, 2208 Lawrence St. What a model the Constitution and By-Laws of the C. L. A. is.

The Evening party of the Chirological Debating Society, under the arrangements of a Special Committee, Messrs. John R. Lewis, Ed. D. Wilson and Joseph Bruthi, is expected to be had in the first week of next December.

Miss Blanche Cooley, who is a graduate of the 44th St. Institution for the Deaf, New York City, seems to be unexpectedly and rapidly improved in learning our sign language, and she is becoming one of the most beautiful, charming ladies of this city.

Mr. Abraham Lincoln Manning has gained a reputation of being a great Anti-Ingersollite. He is liable to argue against the theories of Col. Ingersoll, Goethe, Thos. Payne and other idolids.

Mr. Denlinger, a mute farmer, of Lancaster, Pa., was in town for a few days last week.

There were two dundes of a peculiar kind—viz. Mr. Thos. Breen, the careless dude, and Mr. Wm. McKinney, the particular dude—seen in the room where the C. L. A. meets, last Thursday evening.

Messrs. John R. Lewis, James McMonigle, Joseph Bruthi, George Slifer, Sol Bacharach, and the President of both the Clero Literary Association and the Chirological Debating Society, expect to go and attend the Manhattan Literary Association Levee next month.

The Clero Literary Association will manage a course of literary meetings under the arrangements of Messrs. Geo. Slifer, Dan Paul, with the Clero Literary Association's President, in Kensington, Phila., as it would benefit the deaf-mutes who live in that vicinity and cannot attend the Clero Literary Association meetings weekly.

It is expected that there will be two marriage ceremonies for deaf-mutes next month.

I read in the JOURNAL of last September 20th, that "Hieronymus" arrived too late to be put on the nomination ticket for the Vice Presidency of the National Deaf-Mute Convention, and he was, very much to his delight, kindly shuffled into the Executive Committee. That appointment of "Hieronymus," being made for the honor of Pennsylvania, gives no satisfaction to our intelligent leading mutes, for the reason is that he spends the most of his time staying at home and avoiding social intercourse with the deaf-mutes of this city, since he ceased his services as the Secretary of the Clero Literary Association. Why does he not get the deaf-mute organizations to discuss how to make a subscription for the memorial bust of Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of our national education. Those who attended the

late convention from this city said that Mr. W. R. Cullingworth, one of the most influential leaders of the circle, should be appointed on the Executive Committee instead of "Hieronymus," because Mr. Cullingworth has more experience about such work. The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements of the Clero Literary Association Levee, says he heard from many different places that many deaf-mutes who did not attend our last levee, will come and participate in our coming levee, especially a good number of young ladies and gentlemen. THE RECORDER.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs, and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 p.m., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 40 West 10th Street. First meeting of the month for business only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, James P. Donohue, 371 Second Avenue.

CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Chicago Mute Circle holds lecture meetings at Farwell Hall Building, 148 E. Madison Street, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, except July and August, at seven o'clock, p.m., and also holds Sabbath meetings at the same place on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at twelve o'clock, p.m. Lars M. Larson's P.O. address is Young Men's Christian Association office, Chicago, Illinois.

CHIROLOGICAL DEBATING SOCIETY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Chirological Debating Society (formerly "Lyceum") under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, meets every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock p.m., in the Board of Managers' parlor (fourth floor) of the Y. M. C. A. building, 15th and Chestnut Streets. The object of this Lyceum is to familiarize its members with the parliamentary rules of order for practice in debate, oratory, etc., and to create, promote and cherish kindly feelings among its members. Every deaf-mute, of either sex, is cordially welcome (free of charge). Mr. William H. Lipsett is President, and Mr. Robert N. Stevenson, Secretary. The Secretary's address is 2013 Camac Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 o'clock, p.m. H. Hoagland, President, and Wm. Blunt, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 293 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

CLERO LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clero Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Church, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each month, at 8 p.m. Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Wm. H. Lipsett is President, and George Slifer Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1026 East Montgomery St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings in room 3, third floor, Bryant & Stratton's Business College building, corner 5th and Market Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room is well equipped with dailies and illustrated weeklies at the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are purely social and educational, but the literary advancement of St. Louis gentlemen and ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, W. E. Guio; Vice-President, William Stafford; Treasurer, William Campbell; Secretary, Hugh P. Lamb; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. J. Brown. Secretary's address, 112 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation

COLUMBUS.

Systematic Study and Diversion.

A PLEASANT PARTY.

BRIEFLETS.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

That was an interesting meeting of the teachers which came off in the library room of the Institution on Monday evening last week. Only a very few teachers were unavoidably absent. Mr. Stewart, at the request of the Superintendent, opened the meeting with prayer. After which our Superintendent led the way in a discussion of the requisites of a successful teacher, going over the entire field so much that at its conclusion if any of us wished to add a word, we could not indeed improve on his remarks. The subject of grading the school now came up, several of the teachers partaking in its consideration. It was agreed to begin the experiment this year, and accordingly a Committee of three, with the Superintendent, was appointed to fix the details of the system. The social gathering of the pupils next received our attention, and it was decided to keep it up, the first social to take place on Tuesday evening, November 6th. Miscellaneous matters then took their regular order. The ever-recurring days—i. e., the days of Thanksgiving, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and Washington's Birthday, were given over too much talk, and the Superintendent appointed a Committee of the teachers separately for each holiday to devise the getting up of some kind of amusement on those national occasions. On Thanksgiving—Messrs. Talbott, Odebrecht, Halse and Atwood, and Misses Thompson Straw and Feasley. On Merry Christmas—Messrs. Patterson, Rafter and P. Pratt, and Misses Byers, Chidister, Bierce and Frost. On Happy New Year—Messrs. Stewart, Terrell, and Haskins, and Misses Shrom, Smith, Camp and Noyes. On Washington's Birthday—Messrs. McGregor, Greener, and Ed. J. Scott, and Misses Rose and Filler.

Dr. Scott, trustee, is here for a few days previous to the meeting of the board, to prepare estimates and figures for the annual report of the Ohio Institution.

Our fountain in the front yard is in the hands of a Master of Arts. The rocky pedestal now forms the base receiving the statue of Neptune dressed in light yellow color, surmounted by an immense looking basin in which is put up a child statuette, followed by another basin less pretentious and still another statuette of the same description. The whole height probably does not exceed fifteen feet.

Superintendent Pratt gave a party to the non-resident teachers last Friday evening. The gentlemen with their wives began to pour in early, and by eight o'clock the parlor was filled to its utmost accommodation, the host and hostess welcoming us in such a way that we all at once felt at home. Pleasant conversation, inspection of the many interesting curiosities and photographed picturesque scenes of the Sandwich Islands an entertaining address from the host of life, the plantation and vegetation of those famous little dots of land in the vast Pacific Ocean, and lastly, but not least, the bountiful serving of the delicacies of the season, formed the principal charming features of the evening's social.

A considerable amount of halloween was done around the Institution by some of our boys, the particulars of which, however, are not at hand.

Rev. Mr. Mann was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McGregor during his sojourn in Columbus last Friday. Unexpectedly to himself, yet fortunately for his numerous friends, the genial reverend gentleman attended the Teachers' Social at the Institution in the evening.

Mrs. Johnson, of Akron, Ohio, a sister of the late lamented Miss Annie Fogle has also found an early grave, after a lingering illness of several years.

A cold wave struck our boys during last week, which enveloped them greatly. Superintendent Pratt rose equal to the occasion by the purchase of two new foot-balls for the boys, who are now developing much foot talent.

The whereabouts of Miss Rader, of Cedarville, O., who graduated from this school some years since has been ascertained. She is located in Loganport, Indiana.

The younger Manuel, of the Class '83, is now living in Indiana with the family of Mr. Townsend, a salve agent, whose wife is nearly blind.

Mrs. Edith Hoagland, after making a visit with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leib, on East Spring Street, has departed for Cincinnati, where she is at present tarrying with her sister.

The body of ex-alderman John Geiger, (father of an ex-pupil here) drowned in the flood of June last, was found last week Monday morning in a pile of drift in Mill Creek. It was identified by a watch, b'dge and pocketbook.

Any of the teachers may be present at the party on Tuesday, Nov. 6th, but those on the C. floor are expected to come and contribute to the enjoyment of the evening.

Master Cowboy was another late arrival last week. He belongs in Oberlin, O., and reported Miss Georgina Fox as still in poor health, one of her lungs being gone.

There was a very slight fall of snow for a minute or two last Thursday morning.

Mrs. Hanson has been here with her nephew Mr. Terrell, since her return from Richmond, Ind., last Saturday where she had been visiting with her sisters three months. She will resume her journey homeward to Oberlin, O., very soon.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitney, of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, were the guests of the Superintendent and his wife last week. They were present at the teachers' social, and made a favorable impression upon the company. Mrs. Whitney is the daughter of Ex-Supt. Rice of the Bookbinder and printing office of the Institution, now residing at the Islands.

They have been putting up new compressed-air springs on the principal doors of the Institution. Now the doors shut of themselves.

Superintendent Pratt is endeavoring to have the pupils spend the Sabbath Day quietly and profitably, hence the distribution of copies of "The Sunday Hour," "The Youth's World," "The Picture World," "Truth in Life," and "The Illustrated Treasury of Knowledge." He is also devising a plan for the amusement and instruction of the little children.

Thanksgiving in Ohio, Nov. 29th. Miss Kate Miller reached here, 452 East Oak Street, the residence of her friends Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, from Chicago, Ill., last week Tuesday morning, looking in remarkably fine health. Miss M. left her home in Thompsonville, Conn., on the last day of July, for an extended western trip, visiting relatives and friends in Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois. The western scenery and climate seem to agree with her immensely, and on tipping the scales the fact was proved by a gain of twenty pounds of avoirdupois.

Mr. and Mrs. McGinness were at the Institution and 452 East Oak St., with their child for the first time since Mrs. McG. came back from Cleveland. The little heir is a fine looking boy, and we think it will take after its mother. NUMBER SIXTY.

AMONG THE MUTES

SPEECH IS SILVER, BUT SILENCE IS GOLD.

(St. Louis Republican)

There was an interested audience and a large one assembled last night in room 8 on the third floor of the building on Fifth and Market streets, the purpose of the assembly being to witness the delivery of a lecture by the Rev. Job Turner, of Virginia. The room is the headquarters of the Deaf Mute association of St. Louis, and the lecture was delivered in the sign language known to the dwellers in the land of silence. Rev. Mr. Turner is himself a deaf mute, and a clergyman of the Episcopal church, his diocese embracing all the deaf-mutes of the Southern States. He was a pupil of Clerc, the first deaf-mute instructor in America, who was brought here by the elder Gallaudet, some sixty years ago; Mr. Turner was a teacher in the Virginia Deaf-Mute institute for thirty five years, and is one of the most finished instructors in this country. He has been a great student, and has wonderful powers of observation, and added to these, he being a perfect master of the sign language, having a delivery rapid, graceful and full of power, it is no wonder that his lecture last night upon "Inferences of character" was watched with a lively interest and a keen enjoyment by all the members of the association, and the friends whom they had invited to be present at the lecture. The room was crowded, there being a number of ladies present, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the only manifestation of appreciation at some humorous point in the lecturer's delineation. These points were numerous, for the Rev. Mr. Turner possesses an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, which his varied experience has given him, and apparently not one of their good points was lost in the telling.

The lecture lasted a little more than an hour, and if the same points had been touched upon in a spoken address the time consumed would have been several hours. The sign language enables the one who makes use of it to express by it that which could hardly be embodied in a sentence if words were used.

At the conclusion the president of the association called upon Prof. Simpson, one of the members, to tender the thanks of those assembled to him whose lecture had afforded them so much entertainment and instruction. This Prof. Simpson did—still using the sign language, for he also is a deaf-mute. After this Mr. Turner thanked the club for their attention, and in a humorous manner closed the evening's entertainment.

Among those present was Prof. English of the Missouri Deaf-Mute Institution at Fulton. Prof. English will leave St. Louis on November 1, having in charge some thirty pupils to take to Fulton. On his homeward way, he will get ten or fifteen more from different parts of the state. He reports affairs in a most flattering condition at the state institution, new buildings having been erected to accommodate those who receive instruction at that place. The building as it now stands is a structure five stories high, having a mansard roof and a tower 203 feet in height. Last year there were 200 pupils, and this year there will be many more.

Cincinnati.

A NEW FIRM.

"Mercury," "Durandal" and several other parties have entered into a co-partnership, under the firm style of "Mercury, Durandal & Co.," for the purpose of carrying on the business of gathering news for the JOURNAL. Capital \$500,000, all kind of news bought at the highest market value. The establishment is supplied with the most approved styles of pistols, Bowie-knives, Bogardus kickers, etc.

Harry Ross, an old Cincinnati boy, who has been working in a rolling mill in Pennsylvania for two years, is now in this city. He will remain here until the spring, when he will return to his post.

George Prigge has secured a job in the belt factory, where Joe Vance works. We hope he will stick to it, and become a citizen of Porkopolis.

Miss Mary Merzhauser, a young lady of Covington, while engaged in a tailor shop, accidentally cut her thumb, which will keep her from work for some time.

Miss Mary Knorr's birthday occurred on the 19th of October, and she was presented with presents from her kinsfolks.

The Committee on Revision is now busy at work, and will soon have the constitution of the society ready and printed.

Jacob Wilson wife, and their sister-in-law, and Mrs. Amelia Wilson, of Independence, Ky., were in the city, guests of Mrs. Ann Sparks.

Charles H. Bottenwiser, of Owensboro, Ky., was in Cincinnati yesterday, on business. He is a prosperous business man running a large tobacco factory, which employs several hands. Any mute who is a good cigarmaker and of steady habits, can find profitable employment by applying to him.

Miss Emilie Wolski's hearing sister, from Baltimore, is now on a visit to her sister's on Court Street. She will soon be married to a nice young gentleman, and will commence house-keeping right away.

The Rev. Mr. Mann will be here to hold services in a few weeks, when he will give an account of his ordination, etc. Let there be a full attendance.

The letter of old man Booth about the National Convention, was very discouraging to young men, who are trying to be respectable and intelligent at the same time. Further comment is unnecessary.

MERCURY, DURANDAL & CO. November 3, '83.

Abate the Nuisance.

DEAR EDITOR:—It is not very pleasant to complain in the public prints of the short-comings of our class, but sometimes it is absolutely necessary to do so in order to break up a nuisance, and with this intention I give a short account of an organization which has existed in this city for the past two or three years.

It is known as the "Gossip Club," and its meetings are held, rain or shine, almost daily, Sundays excepted, between the hours of twelve and one, at the Herald office, Broadway and Ann Street. It numbers among its present and former members, most of the leading mutes of this vicinity, and during its sessions generally attracts a miscellaneous crowd of idlers and passers-by. It has become the talk of many business men down town, whose attention has been attracted by the intelligent and respectable appearance of the mutes, as well as by their manner of conversing; but it is the opinion of a few of them with whom the writer has conversed, that some less exposed place should be found to gossip in during the noon hour.

Come, boys! you are smart enough to know what is for your own interest, and that is to keep and hold the good opinion of other people. This cannot be done if you continually expose yourself to the impudent jeers and remarks of newsboys bootblacks.

EOLA.

An Iron-Jawed Negro.

"Deaf Bill," a well-known colored man of this place, lifted a weight of one hundred pounds with his teeth last Friday. The feat was performed to win a wager. Bill claims to be able to lift a heavier weight with his teeth than any other man in Monmouth county.

Seeing this item in a paper in a town where I formerly resided, I thought I would give you a little history of the person referred to "Deaf Bill," or by his proper name.

William Henry Edgar was born in the south, and came north when very young. He was a very light colored young man, and at an early age, lost his hearing through scarlet fever. He was educated at the old 44th St. School, and afterwards went to Jamesburg, N. J. From there to Red Bank, where he was employed as a valet to the famous Surgeon Dr. Thomas E. Ridgeway. Bill's hearing, like whiskey, improves with age. "Billy" is very sympathetic by nature, and was very sincere in his sympathy for me when I lost my hearing.

ALEX. L. PACH.

Services for Deaf-Mutes, Sunday, November 11th.

St. Ann's Chapel, Cor. of Clinton and Livingston Streets, Brooklyn, at 3 P.M.

St. Andrew's Church, Harlem, 127th St., near 44th Ave., at 7.30 P.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret. St. Ann's Church, 18th Street near 5th Ave. at 2.45 P.M.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The Tennis Tournament.

THE GYMNASIUM.

Brevities.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The tennis tournament for once secured the good will of the weather god, and, after the repeated postponements mentioned in our previous letters, finally came off last Saturday. The weather was just the kind for the sport, neither too cold nor too warm. The wind too, which, on Thursday and Friday, had been blowing a miniature hurricane, had settled down to a gentle breeze, while the sun shone as brightly as could be desired—too brightly perhaps for those who had to play with his rays shining full in their face.

Half a dozen clubs were represented from the city and Baltimore, and there were also a good many visitors, friends of the students and players. The Vespers were on hand as a matter of course, and did not fail to laud the good points of a player or to criticize his mistakes.

The contests began at half past one in the afternoon, the first bout being between Messrs. Angell and Chickering of the Kendalls, and Messrs. Berry and Beall of the Washingtons. Our sympathies were of course with the Kendalls, and it was with considerable chagrin that we saw them worsted by a score of 6:3, 6:1. The second team of the Kendalls, however, Prof. Hotchkiss and Draper, beat the Arlingtonians by 6:2, 6:3, but were in their turn beaten by the Nassaus.

The Washingtons then defeated the Nassaus, and thus having overcome all opponents won the championship for the doubles, with Nassau second and Kendall third.

In the singles, Angell and Chickering of the Kendalls were both beaten by Berry. In the other contests, Webb of the Observatory, and Slocum of the Nassau, were victorious. The darkness put a stop to the playing however, and Berry, Webb and Slocum will have to play again to-day to decide the championship for the singles. There is no doubt, however, that Berry will win it same as he did last May. On the whole, the tournament was less of a success than the last, but this may be ascribed in a large measure to the disappointment of the three preceding weeks, the weather interfering not only with the tournament but also with practice.

The exercises of the gymnasium will once more become a regular feature of our college life. The preliminary "push" and "pull" tests came off on Thursday, to ascertain of the muscular condition of the students, and a trial drill was held on Friday. The Ducks will have their new uniforms in about a week's time, and for a month or so they will be initiated in the mysteries of the dumb bell and chest weight drills, thus constituting the "awkward squad" of the gymnasium. The officers if last year will retain their positions until everything is in good working order, and their successors will then be elected. The swimming pool will, as before, be open on Tuesdays and Fridays, until December, when it will be closed.

The Literary Society held its second literary meeting on Friday night. A most interesting essay on "The Origin and progress of Penmanship," opened the exercises. Mr. Morrow is unquestionably the best penman in the college, and his essay, though unique, was instructive and valuable. A debate between Messrs. Berg, '86, and Robertson, '88, on the affirmative, and Messrs. Dantzer, '86, and Marsh, '88, on the subject: "Resolved, That the mental greatness of man is due more to his own efforts than to his natural Genius," followed. It was well contested, but the negative was judged the superior. Next came a dialogue between Messrs. Allabough, '84, and Robinson, '84, the piece being a selection from Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." It was the imitable scene between M. Jourdain and his Professor of Philosophy, and was admirably rendered. A declamation entitled Farewell, by Mr. Dundon, '86, closed the exercises.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet paid us a visit on Saturday, and is staying with us now. He conducted a special service for deaf-mutes, in Ascension Church on Sunday afternoon, and in the evening gave a lecture in College Hall on "Immortality." Both sermon and lecture were largely attended.

The first foot ball contest of the season came off last Wednesday. It was a friendly game between the Columbian University and Kendall teams. The result was one goal and one touch down for the Kendalls to nothing for the Columbians. The Howards, of Alexandria, also sent us a challenge last week, but it arrived on the same day the game should be played, and having no time for preparation, we did not go. Probably we shall not accept any challenges from the Howards this season, on account of the trouble and inconvenience attendant on the trip to and from Alexandria.

Mr. H. P. Arms was here on Wednesday in connection with the Garfield Bust. He has prepared a design all ready, and the promised lithographs will be distributed among those entitled to them before long.

Miss Bryant, Edithress of the *Sunny South*, of Atlanta, Georgia, called at the college on Friday. A young deaf-

mute girl is employed in her office as mailing clerk. E. Duncan, '86, the only Georgian here, did the agreeable, and showed her the sights of the college.

A Duck reports that the first snow of the season fell on Friday. The Duck in question must have microscopic eyes, for neither we nor anybody else were able to see a solitary flake. However, Jack Frost was in earnest for once this week, and overcoats are consequently in demand.

A mysterious barrel, probably containing dynamite, arrived here the other day per express, consigned to Edwin Harrah, '88.

Mr. Ballard and his family have finally taken possession of their cottage. All the debris around the two new buildings has been removed, and the ground is to be nicely sodded. The asphalt walks have also been extended so as to lead up to the porch of each cottage.

Last Saturday was Athletic Day at the Episcopal High School in Alexandria. Several of the students were present.

A black eyed, red cheeked waif from Sunny Italy, answering to the name of Silvio, strayed into our halls last Monday with a basket of busts, statuettes, etc. He struck upon a bonanza it seems, for he departed rejoicing, with an empty basket and a heavy purse. Ye Sophs and Freshmen, is there to be no cane rush?

Fountain pens are at present the grand theme of interest among the Seniors.

HARRY FIELDING.

KENDALL GREEN, NOV. 5, '83.

The Sporting Mute.

W. H. Rose defeated G. S. Porter in a half mile race on the 17th inst.

J. F. Lang says he is ready and willing to row Thomas Holland a mile race for a twenty-five-dollar gold medal.

Dennis Sullivan will challenge Edwin Frisbee to run him a four hour race again.

If Joe Bruthi thinks he can beat Mike McFaul at 75 yards, why does he not issue a challenge to the champion.

C. Shattuck expresses his willingness to ride any deaf-mute in America from one mile to a ten-mile bicycle race.

Alex. Dezendorf was out in a challenge to walk any deaf-mute from one mile to a five-mile race. He has secured a position in New York City.

The N. Y. Institution High Class boys are talking of Hare and Hounds, and will have a meeting to select three hares. The chase takes place this week.

E. A. Barry has challenged to clog dance any deaf-mute in America, and has heard nothing from any one. He is declared to be the deaf-mute champion of America.

Chas. D. Newton, who recently graduated from the New York Institution, was engaged with the Telegram Base Ball Club in Owego, N. Y., and has given great satisfaction. He was found to be a brilliant base ball player, and was a favorite among the people, as they were proud to have a first class deaf-mute player. His team was defeated by two of the League teams, Buffalo and Philadelphia. Both teams were much surprised at his batting and fielding, which were finer than any deaf-mute they had ever seen, although he has played every position of the game on his team. He is to work on a weekly paper at Newark Valley, where his home is, next winter.

GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. T. B. Berry, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Trumansburg, N. Y., held a service for Deaf-Mutes in Trinity Church, Geneva, on the evening of October 26th. Besides Mr. Berry, there were present in the chancel, and officiating, the Rev. H. W. Nelson, rector, and his assistant, Rev. Mr. Lampher. The sermon was preached by the Rev. L. Everts, of Lyons. Mr. Berry interpreted as usual the whole service and sermon. There was, as there always is here, a good congregation of hearing people, and among the mutes we noticed Mr. and Mrs. N. Denton, Mr. and Mrs. F. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. O. Krebs, Mr. F. Halsey. After the services, Mrs. Denton invited the mutes, some hearing friends, and the Rev. Clergy, to her house, where a very bountiful repast was spread, to which ample justice was done. Mr. and Mrs. Denton know how to offer and provide hospitality with old time profusion, and it has never been so long to spend a more pleasant hour than that under her roof last Friday evening.

Not least delighted was it to watch the interest which both clergy and people took in each other on that occasion, and the severe catechising which Mr. Krebs put Mr. Berry through, and Mr. Berry's puzzle for Mr. Krebs to unravel were most amusing.

The services for Deaf-Mutes here are always pleasant and we trust profitable.

B.

Notice.

Rev. Job Turner will hold services in St. Luke's Cathedral, Portland, Me., next Sunday, the 11th inst., St. Ann's Church, Lowell, Mass., Tuesday night, the 13th; Romney, West Va., Sunday, the 18th; St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, La., Sunday, the 25th; and Christ Church, Baton Rouge, La., Tuesday night, the 27th.

NEW YORK.

What Agitates the Deaf-Mute Pulse.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Catholic Literary Union held a special meeting on Monday, the 29th of October, in place of the regular weekly meeting on Wednesday. Wednesday of last week being "Hallow Eve," and as several of the members would be unable to attend, a meeting was held as already stated.

On motion of Mr. John F. O'Brien, it was agreed that the Catholic Literary Union would contribute \$25 towards the Peet Bust Fund. On motion of Mr. James Russell, it was decided that an admission fee of ten cents be charged to the lecture of Mr. Thomas P. Fox, on the 21st inst.—members and non-members to be charged alike—the entire amount from the lecture to go to the Fund.

On the 14th inst., there will be a debate before the Union on the following question: Is Lying ever Justifiable?

The Guild of Silent Workers held a meeting last Tuesday, the 30th of October. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was in the chair, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain being out of town. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is to lecture shortly before the Guild on "What I saw in Europe." During the month, the long-looked-for Apron and Necktie Party is to come off. Messrs. J. F. O'Brien, J. H. Leonard and Wm. Elurich sent in their resignations, which were accepted. It was also moved and approved that \$25 be given to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, to be used to assist the needy poor in case of necessity.

The mother of Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald died last week.

Mr. Charles Bryan narrowly escaped an attack of brain fever from overwork, recently. He has been obliged to give up his place and take a rest.

Philip Tobin contemplates going to Albany soon, he having been promised a job there.

Stephen Sinclair has been discharged from St. Luke's Hospital, nearly as strong as he formerly was.

Francis Crotken, J. O'Brien, Alex. Goldfogle, W. Temple, J. P. Campbell, W. L. Waters, W. Ennis, James Russell and other mute composers hereabouts are now in clover. This was brought about by the strike ordered by Typographical Union, No. 6, for 40 cents per thousand ems which was acceded to.

Last week, there was held a very interesting exhibition at Madison Square Garden. It was the National Horse Show. There were white horses, black horses, brown horses, grey horses, buckskin horses, fat horses, lean horses, race horses, truck horses, tall horses, short horses, tame horses, wild horses, stepple chasers, hurdle racers, coach horses, and last but not least five fire engine horses. Exhibitions of fire engine hitching were given. One company succeeded in hitching their horses and starting their engine in 12 seconds after the first stroke of the gong, and were rushing across the enclosure before the echoes of the alarm gong had ceased.

Just now, New York, is about submerged in an ocean of melody. Last week, the great new Opera House, Broadway, 7th Avenue, 39th and 40th Streets, was opened with a grand flourish. The house was thronged, and immense prices were charged. In the fifth gallery, speculators sold tickets at \$6 each. Jay Gould and the Vanderbilts and Chief Justice Coleridge occupied boxes. The same night, Col. Mapleson opened up with a rival company at the Academy of Music.

Just now, including the above (they being both imported opera companies) this city seems to be swarming with foreign "talent." Henry Irving, the famous London actor, and Miss Ella Terry, are performing at the Star Theatre. Matthew Arnold, the famous English lecturer and author is lecturing at Chickering Hall. Kralffy Brothers' importation are holding sway at Niblo's Garden Theatre, nightly.

It may perhaps interest "our sports" to hear that Charles Rowell, the six days runner, has come back, and intends challenging Fitzgerald the champion of the world, who recently covered six hundred miles in six days.

Alexander Pach has departed for the Easton, Pa., branch of his uncle's photograph gallery. He will stick there for the winter.

Mr. Lars Moore Larson is no doubt astonished at the heap of dynamite he set off and will be more careful in future. What he meant to be damaging, has rebounded to the credit of the project. Let the Committee strike while the iron is hot. Mr. Weeks, in particular, should notify the deaf-mutes through the JOURNAL when he is prepared to receive subscriptions and where they should be sent.

Circulars were sent out last Sunday by Rev. M. P. Freeman, spiritual director of the Catholic Literary Union, to all Catholic Churches, notifying them that services are held every Sunday for deaf-mutes in St. Francis Xavier's College Hall, 30 West 16th Street.

The oil painting of the Abbe de l'Espee, painted by John F. J. Tresch, has been hung in the room of the Catholic Literary Union. Deaf-mutes

can view the portrait at the lecture on the 21st inst.

In a recent interview with a *Sun* reporter, Col. Roebeling, the Chief-Engineer of the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge, said that when he was first attacked with cussion disease, from which he is still suffering, he was unable to talk, and carried on communication with his wife by means of the deaf-mutes' alphabet.

Messrs. O'Brien, Donohue and Donnelly swarmed over Fanwood on Tuesday.

New Jersey Institution.

On Thursday of last week, the Board of Education visited the Institution, and expressed themselves highly delighted with the system and order of things, both in the school-room and domestic department. They were accompanied by Gov. Ludlow and the venerable Dr. McLean, who was for so many years connected with Princeton College, and its present eminent colleague, Dr. McCosh. Dr. Hasbrouck, Principal of the Trenton Normal College, was also present. At half-past twelve, the whole body, Prof. Jenkins accompanying them, by invitation repaired to the Trenton House, where a sumptuous dinner was served. Speeches being *en route*, Prof. Jenkins was repeatedly called upon for anecdotes relating to deaf-mutes, which were both "grave and gay," and tended greatly to increase their interest in mutes.

A gloom was cast over the school last Wednesday evening by the sad and startling news that Mr. Reed, our watchman, had died suddenly of heart-disease while asleep. He was a strong, well-built man, his whole personal appearance would have belied the supposition that such an untimely end would be his. How truly does the poet speak when he says,

"'E'en in the midst of life, we are in death."

Visitors continue to drop in at all times of the day, and even the chime of church bells fail to keep them away. They are always exuberant in their expression of delight and wonderment at what they see, and on taking leave, carry away with them very different sentiments regarding deaf-mutes from those formerly entertained.

A very enjoyable little social was held in Mrs. Jenkins' parlor last Tuesday evening, and card playing, conversation, etc., tended to while away the time most pleasantly, during the interim of which ice-cream and cake was served the guests. About half an hour previous to the departure of the company, Miss Mary Wright, daughter of our genial Steward, rendered a recitation in a highly vivacious manner, during which the eyes of listeners were attracted one by one to a door through the crevices of which a curly head and pair of black eyes were visible, that upon after investigation, proved to belong to our hostess' little daughter, Ruth, whom all had thought serenely reposing in the arms of Morpheus. The little lady, upon finding herself detected, did not as the boy who was not afraid of ghosts, take to his heels, but bravely stood her ground until the shadow of the last visitor disappeared through the doorway.

The over affable and solicitous photographer has already made his appearance and photographed the building, also the teachers, officers and pupils, in a group. The momentous question that at present agitates the mind of the fair ones, is whether they shall buy these photographs to send the home ones far away, or save the money to purchase "bon bons" in which they so delight, but, in most cases, the strong filial feeling triumphs, and as the Photographer counts the glittering silver lying in his palm, a benignant smile overspreads his countenance as he gazes upon those fair daughters of silence, and a half audible ejaculation akin to veneration escapes his lips as he hurries away.

The opening of our School has caused quite a ripple of excitement and wonder throughout Trenton and vicinity, and it is both amusing and flattering to see with what vivacity the clerks will vie with one another to wait upon you when entering a store. It presents a striking contrast to that indolent indifference with which one too often meets when shopping, and we breathe a prayer for the bottomless, fathomless depths of our heart, that their interest and gallantry may exceed a nine-days duration.

In response to numerous queries as to whom the honor of being the first pupil belongs, we answer that Thomas McCarty monopolizes that distinguished dignity, which, by the way, he carried very creditably the first day of his advent, trying to burst bolts and bars and emitting vocal respirations that would have won him distinction on the war path.

Prof. Jenkins was in Philadelphia, Saturday, making purchases for the Institution.

The sister of Miss Ely has been passing a few days with her.

The boys visited the Trenton Prison Saturday afternoon, and on their return, told wondrous tales of what they had seen.

Martha Keating, Katie Devlin and Lizzie Ford, attended service at the Catholic Church, Sunday, and Miss Ida Wardell, at the Episcopal.

Miss Ella Dillingham and Annie Bryan explored the wilds of Trenton one day last week.

Miss Christianna Howard took tea at Prof. Lloyd's residence Sunday, and passed an exceedingly pleasant evening chatting over old and new times.

Mrs. Jenkins goes to New York to-night, for a few days' visit.

RHEA.

FANWOOD.

Briefs From the Empire State Institution.

HARE & HOUNDS

A Short & Tame Chase.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Walter L. Bingham returned to school last week. He collected \$10 for the Peet Memorial Fund during his vacation.

Henry C. Valentine has left school in order to support his mother. Henry has been working in the printing office for some time, but could have improved greatly had he stayed longer.

William B. Magill dropped in on Thursday of last week and remained until late in the evening.

The mother of Miss Myra L. Barager being ill, that young lady went home on Friday to minister to her comfort until the following Monday.

A close debate came off before the Fanwood Literary Association Saturday evening last. The subject was: "Should education be compulsory?" The affirmative side was upheld by Messrs. Porter and Sparrow, and the negative by Messrs. Housh and Capelli. The result of the balloting was 47 for the affirmative and 51 for the negative.

James B. Lloyd held the undivided attention of the members of the Peet Literary Association Friday evening last, when he delivered in graphic gestures the thrilling romance entitled "The Secret."

A Hare and Hounds Club was organized some time ago. The first run took place Saturday afternoon last. Messrs. Dunn and Capelli were hares, and started off at half past one, five minutes in advance of the hounds. The chase led in the direction of Inwood and from there around to the Gentlemen's Driving Park and on to Mott Haven. At the latter place, the hares were walking along chuckling to themselves at the neat manner in which they had distanced their pursuers, when the tremendous paws of W. Durian, a hound, suddenly were laid roughly on the shoulders of each, and a moment after they were surrounded by the whole pack. Of course, excuses were now in order, but they availed nought. The chase lasted but one hour, and the distance run was about seven miles, but a few of the hounds maintained their lead run fifteen miles. It is remarkable how some people can exaggerate and firmly believe they are in the right. Another meet will come off on Saturday, November 17th, which will, no doubt, be much more exciting than this was.

One of the Schenck boys from Long Island, spent the Sabbath Day at the Institution.

Julius Lang went to Rondout and Kingston last week, to see Solomon Winne. He returned to town Tuesday A. M., and left in the afternoon for Massachusetts.

The boys were excited about the result of the elections, as usual. A great deal of unintelligible (to us) jargon was hurled at each other's heads, and it appeared to afford the speakers instant relief.

Abraham Memheimer, of Chicago, is on a three weeks' visit to Gotham. He was in attendance at chapel exercises Sunday evening last.

The mother of Prof. W. G. Jones, who is a celebrated actress, is now performing in San Francisco, Cal., with the "Romany Rye" combination. The company will remain there about three weeks.

The engineer at the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum visited Engineer Banks, of this school, Monday morning last.

Rev. Job Turner made a few remarks in the chapel Sunday morning last.

Last Saturday, James H. Caton, piloted by Andrew McDonald, visited Captain Murray, of the "Alaska," the fastest boat that crosses the Atlantic. The captain kindly took James around the ship and showed him the machinery, saloon, etc. James could not see, of course, but he gained an idea of the ship by feeling around. The captain furnished him with a grand dinner as the blind boy seldom receives. James has been personally acquainted with him for two or three years.

Among our numerous visitors on Monday last, were Mr. S. A. Taber, of Scipio, N. Y., and Mr. Myers, both graduates of the old 50th Street Institution. Mr. Taber left for home on Tuesday, he having been in the city one week.

Wm. Eltrich has been having his ears examined by a physician, with the forlorn hope of being benefited thereby. He volunteered this information while here the first of the week.

Mr. Frederick Goodenough, of Dunkirk, N. Y., made George Fisher a call on Monday.

Messrs. O'Brien, Donnelly and Donohue, called on Election Day.

W. Rose beat Anthony Capelli two heats out of three, in a one hundred yard dash Tuesday afternoon. The contest was witnessed by a large crowd of boys.

Miss Rintoul, one of our articulation teachers, has been unable to attend to her school room duties during the past week, owing to sickness. She is "hanky dory" at present.

"Chip" voted for the JOURNAL.

School commenced at 9:30 A. M. and closed at 3 P. M., on Election Day. The officers and teachers connected with the Institution, as a general thing, voted in the early morning. Many of the boys desired to be excused from school and work during the day, but got left.

We can conceive of no more miserable object than a strong, healthy, able-bodied deaf-mute, who has brains without the strength of character to use them, who has muscle, but not the will to exert it in any honorable calling, loaf around and sponge on his family or relatives, or worse still, make a visit to his *Alma Mater* and forget to say good bye until after a week has elapsed.

CHT.

Louisville Letter.

I clip the foregoing from the *Louisville Commercial* of October 29th: "PREACHING TO DEAF-MUTES."

"The announcement that Rev. Job Turner would preach a sermon to deaf-mutes at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, corner Sixth and Walnut Streets, at 3 P. M., yesterday, brought a small congregation together, only twenty of whom were of the unfortunate class especially interested in attending, the balance being evidently drawn by curiosity, among the latter being a *Commercial* reporter. Promptly at the stroke of 3 o'clock the mute preacher entered the chancel, arrayed in his clerical vestments, which admirably suited his sturdy figure and benignant face, and began the service according to the usual ritual. The wordless reading of the Scriptures, silent petitions and voiceless delivery of the sermon in the profound stillness of the dimly-lighted sanctuary, created a strange, fantastic impression upon the minds of those who could hear and speak, as well as see. But the swift and eloquent gestures of the venerable preacher, and the quick succession of the various emotions apparent in his face, and the strained attention of his afflicted congregation, who literally hung upon his slightest motion, and responded with speaking eyes as a musical instrument to its keys under the hands of a skillful player, all gave token that the occasion was fully understood and appreciated by both parties. With a grace and rapidity as marvelous as it was fascinating to the uninformed spectator, the venerable preacher in airy motions wove sentences whose truths seemed to strike home to the conscience and belief. Using but little of the finger manual, he conveyed his doctrine by free, sweeping, graphic pantomime, which displayed the wonderful capacity of the sign language to depict accurate and delicate shades of meaning.

"The sermon was based upon I Cor., v. 4—'Charity suffereth long and is kind.' A perusal of the manuscript after the close of the services showed that it would require twenty-five minutes to read it, even rapidly, while Mr. Turner occupied about forty minutes in its delivery. He stated that had he used the tedious finger manual it would have taken at least two hours and a half to deliver it. When the sermon was ended an exceedingly animated finger talk began among the mute congregation, which was evidently devoted to comments upon the service. Every face wore a smile of satisfaction, and for a long time the air was full of flying fingers, which fairly twinkled with intelligence. Notwithstanding the fact that deaf-mutes are very enthusiastic and cordial in their likes or dislikes, a close scrutiny of their faces shows a curious double look of introspection and wariness, which is only to be accounted for by their highly sensitive and nervous temperaments. The two passions of love and hate seem intensified in their natures by the lack of hearing and speech, which serve as safety valves. On the other hand, the many evidences of their precocious intelligence gives comfort in the thought that, as science and education progress, new and better methods for the relief of these imprisoned souls will be discovered. The new gesture-method used by Mr. Turner is a great advance in this direction, and he thinks the time is not far distant when all deaf-mutes will be educated to receive and transmit all forms of thought by movements of the lips. Mr. Turner was once a teacher at the Virginia Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, and is an ordained clergyman of the Episcopal Church, employed as a missionary preacher among his fellows in misfortune in the United States. He held services in St. Paul's chapel in the forenoon, which were attended by thirty-five persons. At this service he had Mr. Sam. Craik as an interpreter, which enabled all his hearers to follow the sign sermon. Mr. Craik could not attend the afternoon discourse for that purpose, and considerable disappointment was felt by the visitors.

"Mr. Turner left for St. Louis last night, where he lectures on 'Character' before the Deaf-Mute Club of that city to-morrow evening, and from there he goes to New York City to preach next Sunday. He will make another visit to Louisville, and officiate again on January 20th."

Some time ago, the Board of Directors extended the pupils of the Kentucky Institution a hearty welcome, which was accepted with thanks. Accordingly, last Thursday, eighty of them, escorted by Messrs. Geo. T. Schofield and W. K. Argo, Misses M. A. Stephen and Jennie Lee, Mrs. M. F. Dudley and all the officers connected with the Institution, came brim full of eager excitement. The deaf-mutes of this city had the honor to dine with them at the Exposition. I was delighted to see and shake hands with many an

old friend, especially with Mrs. Dudley, the Matron, whose kindness to me in the past will never be forgotten. They left for school, with their pockets and memory full of mementoes of their visit, Friday night.

Thursday, the 25th ult., Wm. Lang, of Crawford County, Ind., and Miss Carrie Burton, of Lawrence County, Ind., were united in matrimony. The happy couple came here on their bridal tour, and took in the Exposition; and in the art gallery, the writer had the pleasure of making an acquaintance of the bride, a modest, yet highly educated brunette, of whom a man may well feel proud to have at his side and face the world as man and wife have to. Both are graduates of the Indianapolis Institution. That their path through life be as free from "thorns" as the head of a chick is free from "horns," is the ardent wish of the writer.

Miss Belle Beard, the Kentucky Belle, was in the city a short time and the writer had the pleasure to call on her twice. She is as charming as she is beautiful.

Marriage among the deaf-mutes is common occurrence now in Kentucky, as well as elsewhere. Eight of them were tied in the holy bonds of wedlock since my last report. Among them were Mr. Gray and Miss S. W. Scott, both graduates of the Kentucky Institution and fellow schoolmates of the writer. Won't any one of them be so kind as to give some particulars of the royal road that tends to matrimony through the JOURNAL?

Robert Hartman avoids the ladies' society as he would a leper. Why is this so?

Some weeks prior to this date, Mr. B. D. Scott, of Maysville, Kentucky, put in his appearance to take in the Exposition and see his old friends. He says that the JOURNAL is his companion in his solitary hours, and that it is the best paper within his knowledge. I vie with him, as I have as yet seen no better one.

Miss M. A. Stephens did not come to see Miss S. J. Comley as I said in my last letter, though she intended to, but instead Miss Belle Beard. I write this as a correction to prevent any misunderstanding which may end in a strife.

Not long since, Messrs. M. Long and H. Marlow, connected with the Agricultural Department at the Kentucky Institution, and Messrs. Geo. M. McClure and W. K. Argo, teachers of the above Institution, paid us a visit. They all looked full of life, and we were glad to see them.

The smallness of the number of mutes was owing to the inclemency of the weather and many had forgotten the date of his coming. His sermon in the morning was based on "I am the light of the world," which was made very interesting by the selection of numerous examples and illustrations. In the afternoon I brought two hearing ladies with me, who understood nearly all what he said and appreciated it much. This shows the simplicity of his preaching.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Perhaps news from this quarter would be welcome by some of our readers, so I will take this liberty to write.

There are two hundred and sixty-four pupils so far this season. All are well and in good spirits.

Mr. P. W. Downing has charge of the high class this year, numbering fourteen pupils.

Miss Virginia Couden has been called home to attend the funeral of her sister Minnie. She has the sympathy of all in the Institution. Miss McDermid has charge of her class during her absence.

Eight of our teachers went on horseback to visit our neighbors of the Nebraska Institution last Saturday, they had a pleasant visit.

Miss Kate Tarlon, for two years a teacher in this Institution, but now living in Wichita, Kan., has written a narrative of her institution life, and the book is being published.

Misses Wyckoff, Spirit and Blattner, board in town this year.

Our teachers give an entertainment every two weeks.

Mr. D. W. McDermid, in addition to his usual duties, has charge of the oral classes, who recite in the afternoon. Superintendent Hammond is now Nebraska on business.

The debating society seems to have sunk into utter oblivion, as no steps have been taken to reorganize it.

Little Winnie Hammond is the angel of the household this year.

Why doesn't "King" let his friends know how he is getting along?

The girls spend their leisure time in learning roller-skating, but like life, they meet with many "ups and downs."

Some of the young ladies and gentlemen are going to treat the pupils to an entertainment Saturday evening.

The boys spend their time in playing base ball and bicycle-riding. They have played two games of ball with the Whynots, of Council Bluffs, but were defeated. They would have won the last game had the Whynots played fairly.

"Nuff" for this time. S. J.

Oct. 25, '83.

Mr. Geo. W. Schutt's Appointments.

Lansingburgh, - - - - - 25th.

Poconago, - - - - - Dec. 24.

Whiteport, - - - - - 9th.

Albany, - - - - - 15th.

Stottville, - - - - - 23d.

Quarryville, - - - - - 30th.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF-MUTES.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

(From the Montreal Witness, Oct. 9.)

The Synod Hall was nearly filled with a select audience at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the occasion being the thirteenth annual general meeting of the Mackay Institution for Protestant deaf-mutes.

The Rev. Dr. STEVENSON presided, and there were present, among others, His Lordship Bishop Bond, the Very Rev. Dean Baldwin, the Revs. Canon Norman, J. Edgar Hill, J. Fleck, J. Patterson, W. S. Barnes, and W. R. Cruikshanks, and Messrs. Thomas White, M. P., Philip S. Ross, secretary of the Institution, Thomas Cramp, F. Wolferstan Thomas, George Hagne, Charles Alexander and Jonathan Hodgson.

Proceedings opened with prayer by the Rev. J. Fleck, after which Mr. Ross proceeded to read the various reports.

MANAGER'S REPORT.

The Board of Managers reported that the institution was now on a sound financial basis; the heavy debt with its concomitant burden of interest having been wiped out. The death of some warm friends during the year was adverted to with regret—Messrs. Joseph Mackay, who left \$8,000 to it; H. A. Nelson; D. J. Greenshields, who left \$1,000, and Dr. Scott, physician to the school, all most devoted friends. The important announcement was made that the institution had undertaken the education of the blind. Various improvements made in buildings and grounds were made during the year. The services of the Principal, Lady Superintendent and staff were acknowledged with commendation. Appended to the report, the financial statement showed receipts to have been \$13,889.51; expenditures, \$13,100.81, leaving a balance in bank of \$788.70. In connection with this report, a letter from Mr. Widd was read, setting before the managers that his health was so impaired that he could not face the approaching winter in this latitude, and submitting to their wisdom whether it would not be better to allow him to resign and appoint a successor than to add his work to the already onerous duties of the rest of the staff.

EXAMINER'S REPORT.

The Rev. CANON NORMAN, examiner, reported, speaking with satisfaction of the work of the institution, as evinced at all his visits, especially at the midsummer examination, a full report of which appeared in these columns at the time.

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT.

Mr. THOMAS WIDD, Principal, reported the past year as one of steady progress in all the departments, and in the general prosperity of the institution, while harmony and good feeling had characterized the labors of the officers and teachers. Forty-two children had been admitted during the year, 38 remaining at the close of the session. There were 16 girls and 26 boys; 27 paid fees ranging from \$30 to \$130 per annum, and fifteen were free pupils. Mr. Widd corrects an impression abroad that the Institute was a permanent home for deaf-mutes of all ages, and another that it was a hospital to cure deafness. The Institution is a boarding school for the secular training and the religious and moral training of deaf-mute children of good mental capacity. Announcement is made that, in terms of its incorporation, the Institution was now open for the reception of the blind of school age. Letters of enquiry through the press and post had, however, only elicited information of four or five Protestant blind children of school age in the Province. Miss Edith Terrill had been added to the teaching staff during the year, and Mr. Staveley had been engaged as a teacher in carpenter work. New and improved text books, such as those used in the public schools, had been introduced into the class room. Several pupils of Episcopal parentage were confirmed by Bishop Bond in May, having been well prepared for the ceremony by the Rev. Canon Norman and the teachers. Reference is made to the new departure taken in having competitions with the neighboring public schools, and details of the course of study for the past terms are given. In the Industrial department, it is anticipated, the addition of carpentry to printing adds much to the training given the boys. Last year's report had been printed in the Institution. They were indebted to Principal Dawson for the privilege of several visits to the McGill University Museum. Acknowledgment is made of donations of illustrated periodicals by thoughtful friends, and of prizes by an anonymous friend.

LADY SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT. Miss Harriet E. McGann, Lady Superintendent, in her report, was happy to certify to the completeness of the Institution's working, and to the well-being of its inmates. Strenuous exertions had been put forth by the Directors during the past year to make the Institution a model one, and during recess very considerable improvements had been made in the building. The construction of a windmill had relieved the boys from the necessity of pumping water several hours each day, and the extension of the hot and cold water pipes system in the house had made the work there much lighter. These and other improvements enabled her to conscientiously state that they now had a home thoroughly adapted to the purpose for which it was built. Carpentry and dressmaking had been added to the industries with satisfac-

tory results and good promise. Mention is made of the annual picnic, held at St. Helen's Island, and the generosity of Mr. Sharpe, of the City Express, and Captain Filgate upon that occasion is gratefully acknowledged. Dr. Scott's death is noticed, together with the appointment in his place of Dr. Molson, as home physician. Only one death occurred among the pupils—a little boy of six, who died of brain fever. Highly gratifying progress was reported by the class in lipreading and articulation, and she hoped in future to be able to devote more time to this branch. Her labors had been very much lightened by the appointment of Miss Terrill, of Belleville, Ont., as her assistant.

ADOPTION OF REPORTS. The chairman, in moving the adoption of the reports, strongly supported a recommendation of the Board that the Rev. Canon Norman should have assistance in the office of Examiner. He proceeded to speak at some length of the sacred importance of this branch of philanthropy and of the eminent success being achieved by the Mackay Institution.

The Very Rev. Dean BALDWIN eloquently seconded the motion for the adoption of the reports.

THANKS.

A vote of thanks to the governors, managers and other office-bearers of the Institution was moved by the Rev. Edgar Hill, and seconded by Mr. Geo. Hagne, with appropriate speeches.

Mr. HILL referred in his remarks to the fact that institutions for the blind were ahead of deaf-mute ones in the Old Country, whereas the contrary was the case here, and he was glad that the education of the blind was to be undertaken by the Mackay Institution.

LETTER FROM A FORMER PUPIL.

Here a pleasant diversion was made in the programme by the chairman reading the following letter from a former pupil of the institution: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Nearly two and a half centuries have passed since King Charles I. and his brilliant assembly appeared in Whitehall, London, to witness the wonder of his age—the feat of John Wallis having instructed a deaf-mute! Since then, time and human ingenuity have accomplished wonders in that branch of instruction. Behold we are here to-day, not to look upon one educated mute, but a score of them! Christian love and philanthropy have done their best to alleviate the condition of the afflicted—imparting knowledge and universal love in the obscure mind of the uneducated mute.

On behalf of my brothers and sisters in affliction, and as one who received educational advantages at this institution, I sincerely thank all those who take a lively interest in our welfare and well being. We cannot reward you with silver or gold, but we can do so by good conduct and an abundant flow of gratitude.

We hope and pray that your kind words and deeds—your welcome presence here to-day—will ever stand a monument to your generosity and reflect credit on our favored land and friends. CHARLES W. BURT.

OFFICE BEARERS.

They following list of officers, not having been although complete when the last motion was made, was passed by common consent later on:

President—Mr. Hugh Mackay. Vice-Presidents—Messrs. Thos. Cramp, F. Wolferstan Thomas and F. Mackenzie.

Secretary—Mr. Phillip S. Ross.

Directresses—Mrs. F. Wolferstan Thomas, Miss H. Gordon and Mrs. Major. Honorary Physician—W. A. Molson, M.D.

Board of Governors—Life Governors, Mr. C. Alexander, Mr. A. Buntin, Mr. T. J. Claxton, Mr. Thomas Cramp, Mrs. T. Hart, Mr. D. L. Macdougall, Mrs. G. Mackenzie, Mr. Hugh McLennan, Mr. Peter Redpath, Mr. Gilbert Scott, Mr. Thomas Workman, Miss H. M. Gordon and Mr. Hugh Mackay; Governors *ex officio*—Principal Dawson, the Rev. W. Henderson, Rev. Dr. Douglas, Rev. Dr. MacVicar and Rev. Dr. Wilkes; Elective Governors—Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, Mr. Claxton, Mr. F. Mackenzie, Mr. J. McLennan, Mr. H. W. Heneker, Mr. E. K. Greene, Mr. R. W. Sheppard, Rev. Canon Norman, Mrs. P. S. Stevenson, Mrs. Dr. Sutherland, Mr. O. M. Wood, Mr. J. Hickson, Mr. R. Benny, Mr. D. Morrice, Mrs. T. Cramp, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. J. McDougall, Mrs. J. Molson, Mrs. F. Wolferstan Thomas, Mrs. Dow, Mr. Jonathan Hodgson, Mr. A. F. Gault, Mrs. Major, Mrs. J. H. R. Molson, Mr. Alex. Murray, Miss Shepherd, Miss Learmont, Mrs. Dr. Scott, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Elmenhorst and D. Molson.

The Rev. W. S. BARNES moved, and Mr. WHITE, M.P., seconded, a resolution commending the institution to the Protestants of this Province, and thanking its benefactors. Both gentlemen made eloquent and practical remarks in fulfilling the respective duties assigned them.

EXERCISES BY THE PUPILS.

After the despatch of business, the audience had a rare treat in a series of exercises by the pupils, under the direction of Miss McGann, comprising addresses to the audience by a boy and girl on the black-board, sign language, lip reading and articulation. In the latter, some of the pupils showed remarkable proficiency, pronouncing distinctly such difficult words as "anthropos" given by Dr. Stevenson, "cosmopolitan," and the longest names of citizens. Two blind children out of a family containing two others similarly afflicted gave readings on the raised alphabet, showing good progress for the short time they were under instruction.

The proceedings closed with the benediction, pronounced by Dean Baldwin.

Life cautions young women to remember that Goliath was killed by a bang on the forehead.

What "X" knows about Matrimony.

Last winter, while reading a copy of the JOURNAL, the issue of January 25th, 1883, we were somewhat surprised, as well as shocked, to see in the itemizer an article, entitled to the *New Jersey Shore Press*, of January 20th, 1883. Among other things, the writer to that verdant sheet says he received an "invitation from one of the Professors of the Deaf Mutes Asylum" (presumably Fanwood) to attend the levee of the Manhattan Literary Association at Lyric Hall. After dwelling on the personal appearance of those present as country editors are won't to do: the writer goes on to say, "Noticing that nothing but lemonade and similar innoxious stuff were served in the refreshment room, I asked the reason therefore of my company. 'It is necessary,' he said, 'to preclude against trouble. These people are very excitable and very quick to see fancied wrongs, and had they wine or any other kind of liquors to further stimulate them, I would not care for the consequences. The married life of a deaf-mute is usually not a happy one; jealousy is its besetting sin, and on an occasion of this sort, a jealous husband or a jealous wife will always be able to find pretexts for being disagreeable.'"

As the ball season of our deaf-mute societies are again approaching, it is well to show that there is positively no truth in the above, except to the general average which is to be met in all conditions of life.

In the first place, the Manhattan Literary Association did not prohibit the sale of refreshments for the above cause, which displays the narrow-mindedness and ignorance of the above mentioned professor, and we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that a professor of the New York Institute, if such it be, could express such opinions. Besides the writer displays his ignorance of city life, when it is known that all sorts of "hard" stuff wanted could be obtained at the adjoining corner. The reason, the Manhattan Literary Association did not sell liquor at their levee is because the teetotal element of the association voted it down, and hence the affair was run on temperance principles.

In recantation of the above, the reception of the Catholic Literary Union in January, may be saved a great deal of trouble to themselves and to the doorkeeper, as they got all their wants supplied in the hall, and as will be seen in the account of the affair in the JOURNAL of January 25th, 1883, the affair was a decided success in point of enjoyment, good order, and as a financial venture.

The writer also says that deaf-mutes are also quick to see any "fancied wrong," but fails to show what he means. Deaf-mutes, as a rule, are no quicker to see than the general average of hearing and speaking, and we can say that some are so slow that they are unable to see genuine wrongs, and as a result are voted "right down good fellows."

But when a genuine wrong is perpetrated, no one but the person affected, hardly ever sees it, especially among deaf-mutes, and we would blush for the deaf-mute who would allow his wife or she her husband (for such the writer refers to) to persist in his or her course without a reminder. Probably the "professor" has very small experience with deaf-mutes limited to his own narrow sphere.

Also "the married life of deaf-mutes is usually not a happy one." The "professor" might as well say "the married life of the people of the world is usually not a happy one. For are we not a small world in ourselves. Of course, all marriages among deaf-mutes do not turn out as they should, neither do they among the great hearing and speaking world. But in at least seven cases out of ten marriages among deaf-mutes turn out to be happy ones, especially when the "consolidating" parties have been schoolmates, and have known each other in the "good old days gone by," and marry for love. We know many cases of this sort, and have yet to see a single case where either of the parties interested have cause to regret the step they have taken. In the unfortunate cases, the parties are generally friends of a brief period. It is what is called "a case of love at first sight," and they marry in haste, and as a result repent at leisure. But, as a rule, even these last have sense enough to keep their quarrels to themselves, and we have yet to see a deaf-mute couple quarrelling in public, though we have seen at least two cases of family affairs settled on the street. One of these occurred between a well dressed and refined-looking couple at the New York entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. It seemed to be a dispute about a money affair, and we learned that the better (?) half wished to ride in the cars, while her husband demurred and persisted in walking across. A crowd gathered, and it was only when a policeman threatened to march them off, that the husband consented to take the cars. It is ridiculous to read some of the conjectures of the hearing about our class with which they have no experience—a fair sample being the above. Another is a very unpleasant daily occurrence to semi-mutes. A semi-mute who can talk is not believed to be deaf, and the questioner, if he is thick skulled, persists in shouting his query loud enough to knock down the *Tribune* building clock tower, to the dismay of the semi-mute, who resorts to writing thereafter when conversing with one of this class.

EXERCISES BY THE PUPILS.

After the despatch of business, the audience had a rare treat in a series of exercises by the pupils, under the direction of Miss McGann, comprising addresses to the audience by a boy and girl on the black-board, sign language, lip reading and articulation. In the latter, some of the pupils showed remarkable proficiency, pronouncing distinctly such difficult words as "anthropos" given by Dr. Stevenson, "cosmopolitan," and the longest names of citizens. Two blind children out of a family containing two others similarly afflicted gave readings on the raised alphabet, showing good progress for the short time they were under instruction.

The proceedings closed with the benediction, pronounced by Dean Baldwin.

Life cautions young women to remember that Goliath was killed by a bang on the forehead.

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